

POLICE

FEBRUARY
No. 16

COMICS 10¢



Starring
PLASTIC MAN

I'M THE
SPIRIT!
AND
EBONY
AND I ARE
CERTAINLY
A CIRCUS
IN THIS
ISSUE!!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.

P-47

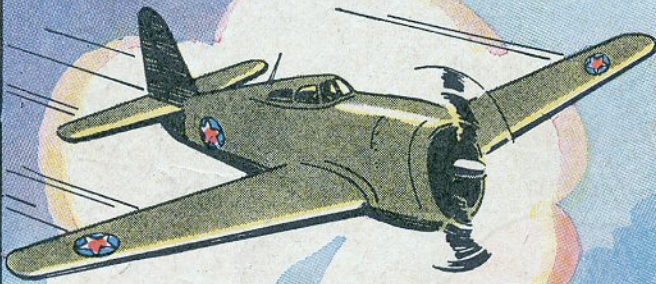
M-4

PBY

M-31

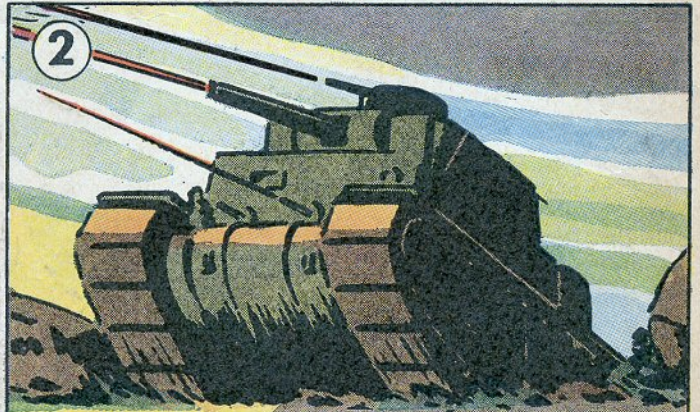
PT

1



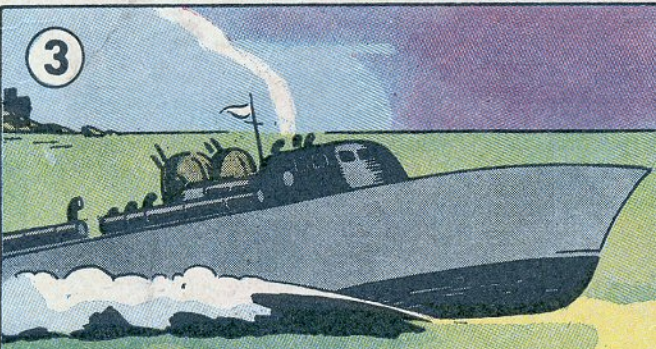
Dog-fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive, it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. Its symbol is

2



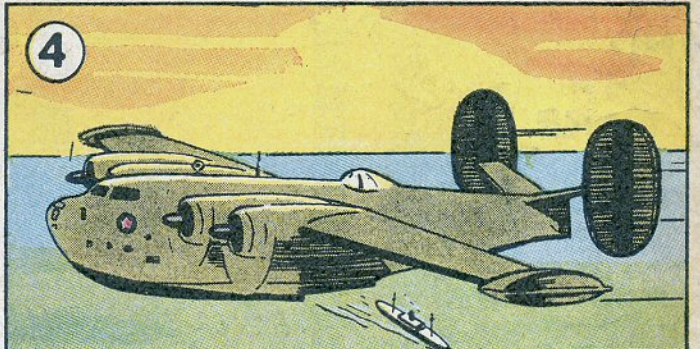
Big, tough and streamlined to deflect enemy fire, the Army's newest "Sunday Punch." Their symbol

3



Poison to the Japs at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedo toters afloat. Their symbol is

4



"Eyes of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, scout the enemy's fleet. Their symbol is

ANSWERS
1-P-47
2-M-4
3-PB
4-PBY
5-M-31

5



MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).

The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

THE INVISIBLE CREW

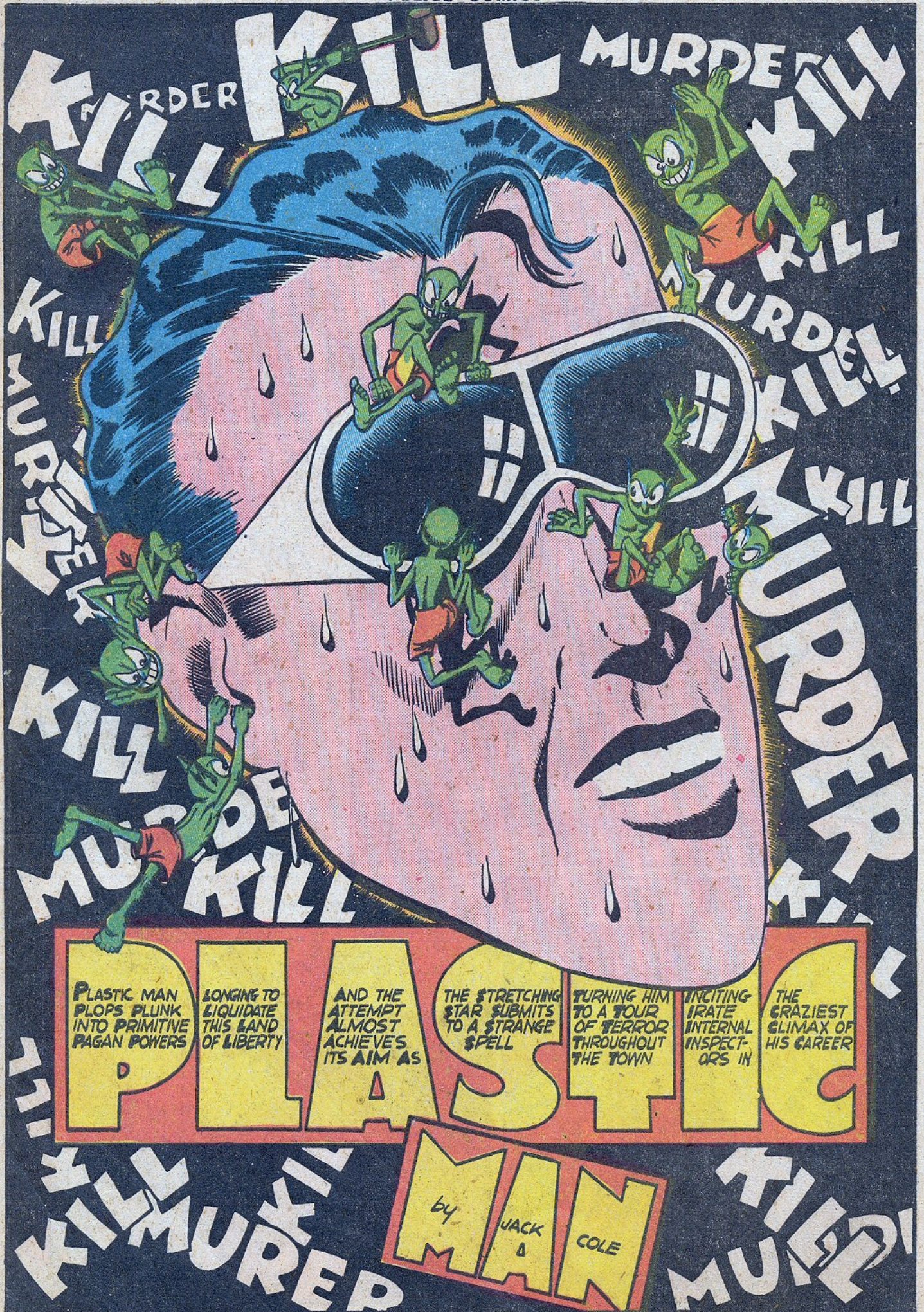
Precision

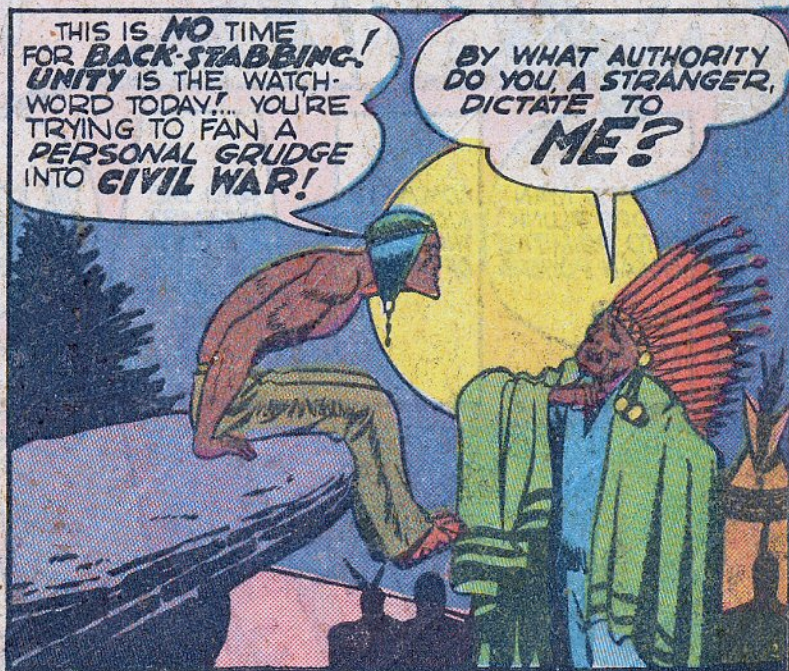
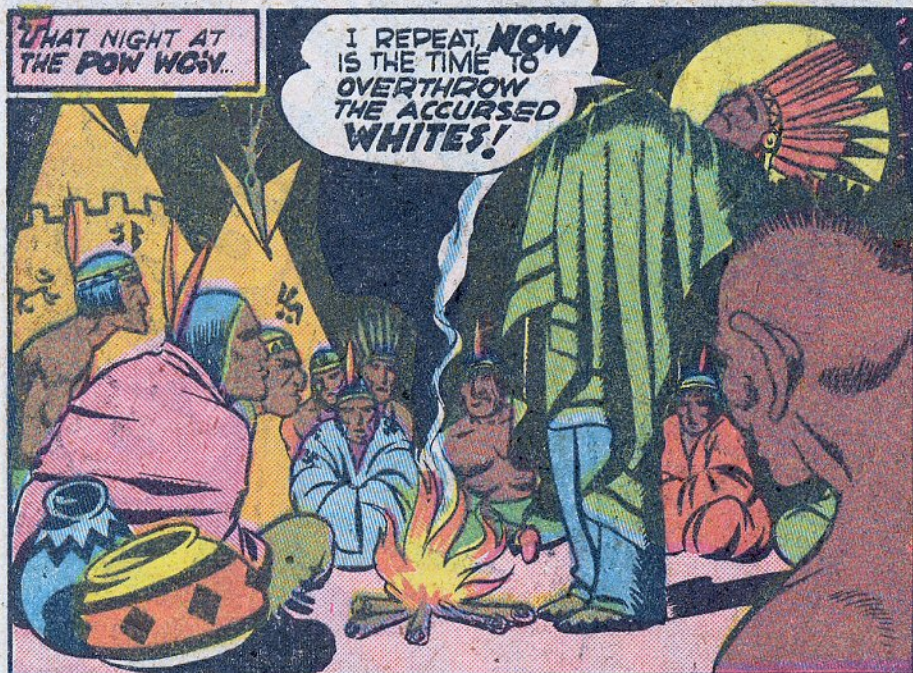
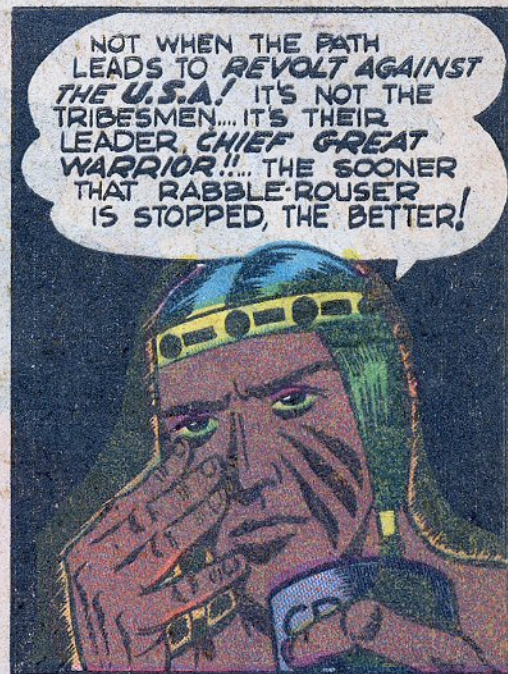
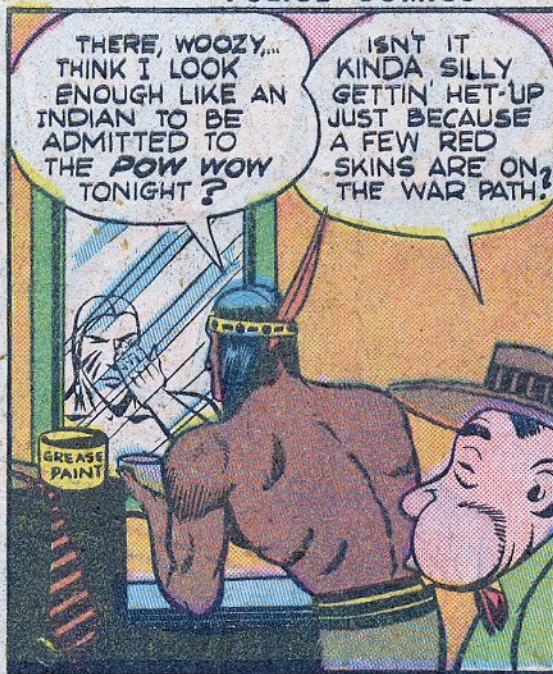
Equipment by

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

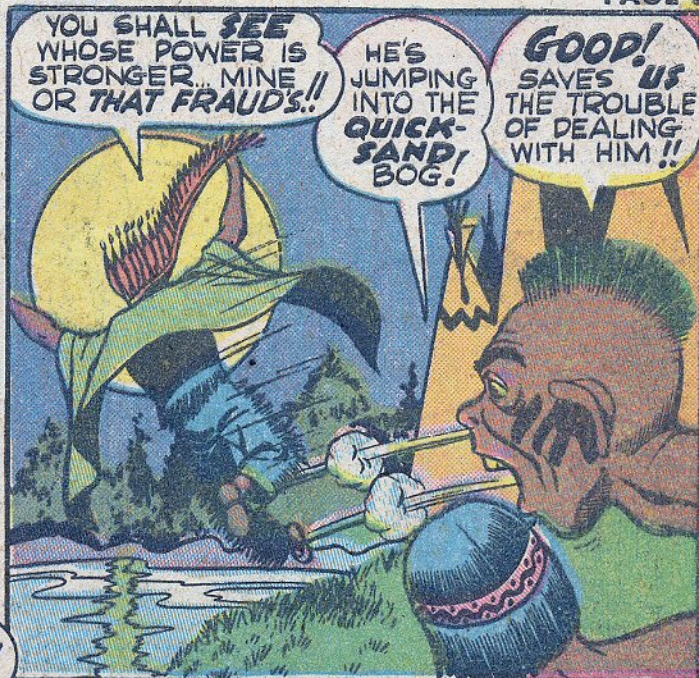
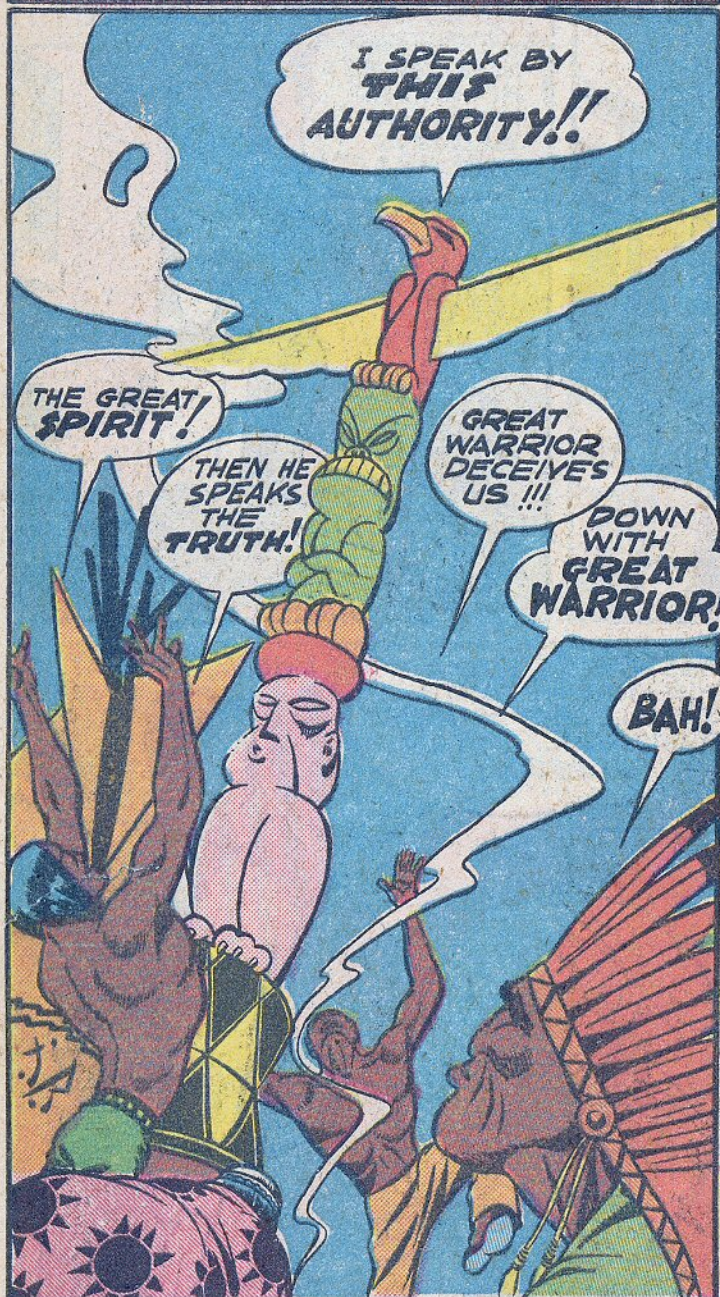
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

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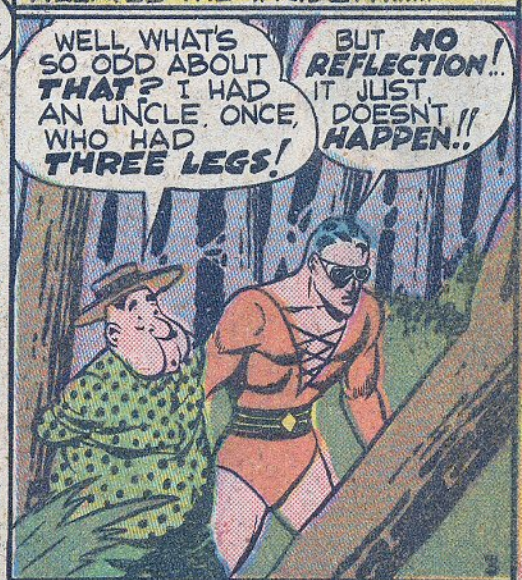
A FEW MANIPULATIONS AND THE MAN OF RUBBER BECOMES A TOTEM POLE!!!



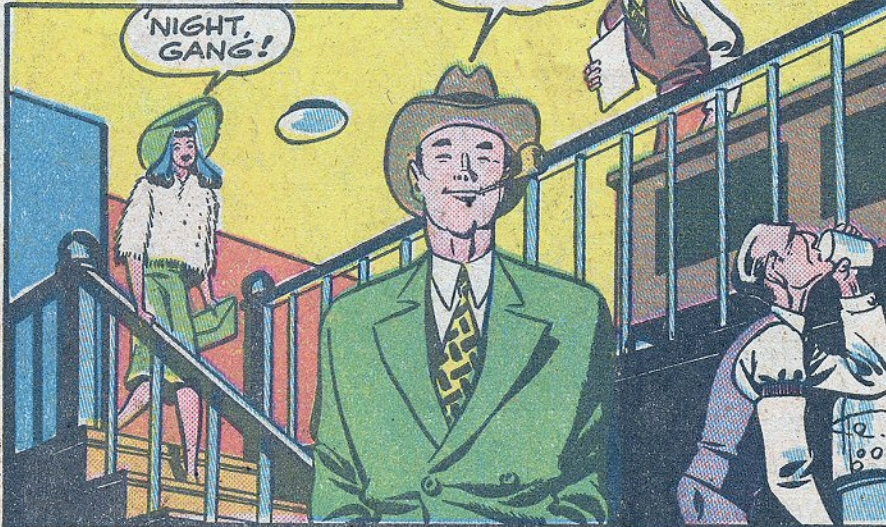
AND AS HE SINKS, STILL CURSING IN SIGN LANGUAGE...



WITH THE UPRISING SUBDUED, PLASTIC JOINS WOOLY, AND RELATES THE INCIDENT.....



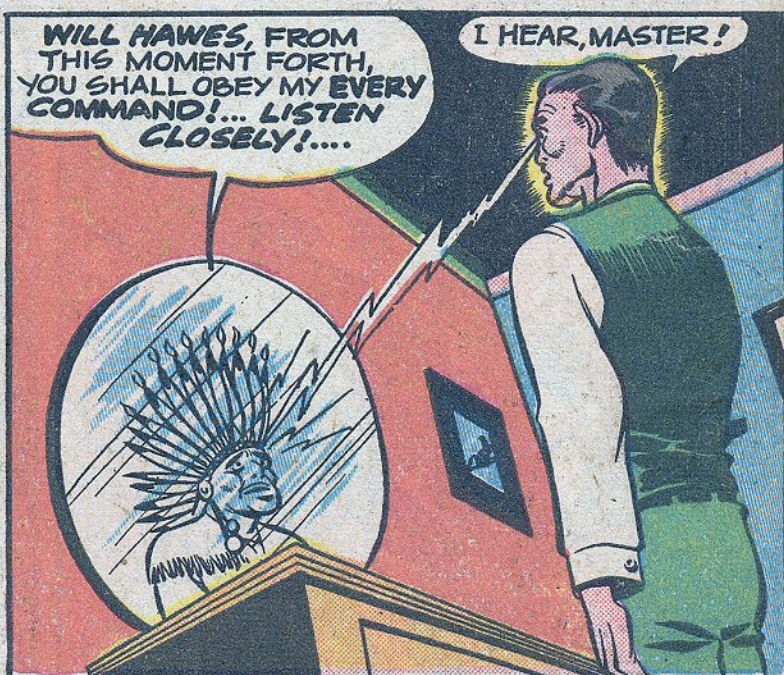
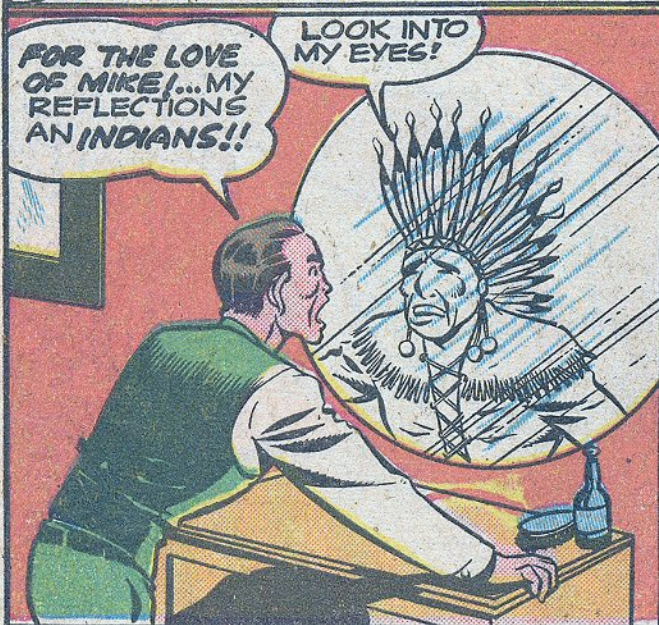
SEVERAL DAYS LATER AND QUITTING TIME AT THE WAGNER LAW OFFICES...



FOR REASONS SOON EVIDENT, WE FOLLOW COMMON, ORDINARY INCONSPICUOUS WILL HAWES...



BUT WHEN HE VIEWS HIS MIRROR....



SO WHAT CAN POOR, HYPNOTIZED HAWES DO BUT OBEY THE ORDER?



LOOK QUICKLY, BEFORE THEY SLIDE FROM VIEW! NOTE THE ADDRESS!... LET'S FOLLOW THOSE LETTERS!



WE ARRIVE WITH THE MAIL NEXT DAY, AT RADIO STATION WXXM...

WOW! LOOK AT THIS MAIL!.. THE SURPRISE PARTY PROGRAM FRIDAY SHOULD BE A HIT!

I'LL SAY!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER PLASTICMAN RECEIVES A NOTE FROM THE STATION!

IT'S FROM WXXM... SAYS I SHOULD LISTEN TO THE SURPRISE PARTY PROGRAM FRIDAY!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE PROGRAM WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! SORT OF AN ADULT KIDDIES HOUR... HMM... WONDER WHAT'S IN STORE FOR ME?

FRIDAY NIGHT, AND THE PROGRAM SOON ROLLS AROUND...

AND IF MAYOR CROWLEY WILL LOOK UNDER HIS DAVENPORT, HE'LL FIND A SURPRISE!

YOU LISTENING, MAYOR?

MEANWHILE, IN THE MAYOR'S HOME

HA! IF CITY COUNCIL COULD ONLY SEE YOU NOW!

THERE'S NOTHING UNDER — OH, YES THERE IT IS!

GREAT SCOTT!

A BOMB!

BLAM!!

UNMINDFUL OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED THE RADIO PROGRAM CONTINUES...

NEXT THERE'S A PRESENT WAITING FOR POLICE COMMISSIONER KANE IN THE RAINBARREL OUTSIDE HIS HOME!!

AND WITH THE COMMISSIONER..

SEE ANYTHING
SIR?

EASY
SIR!

**A TINY
BOX!
I'VE
GOT IT!**

BUT SUDDENLY POISON NEEDLES DART AT HIM!

OH! MY FACE!

**MERCIFUL
HEAVENS!**

AND SO IT GOES... CITY OFFICIALS KILLED RIGHT AND LEFT AS THE PROGRAM ROLLS ON.

.. IF PLASTICMAN
IS LISTENING WE
SUGGEST HE HAVE
A LOOK UP HIS
CHIMNEY!

THAT'S YOUR CUE, PLAS!

WONDER WHO
PLANTED IT ...
MAYBE THE BOYS
ON THE FORCE!

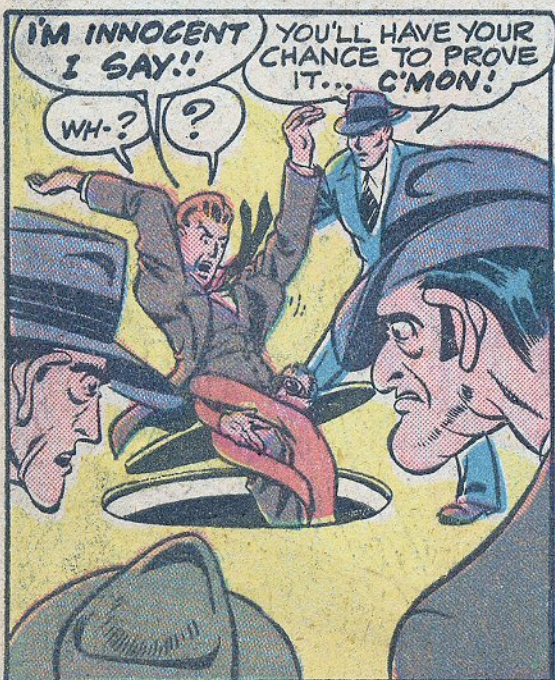
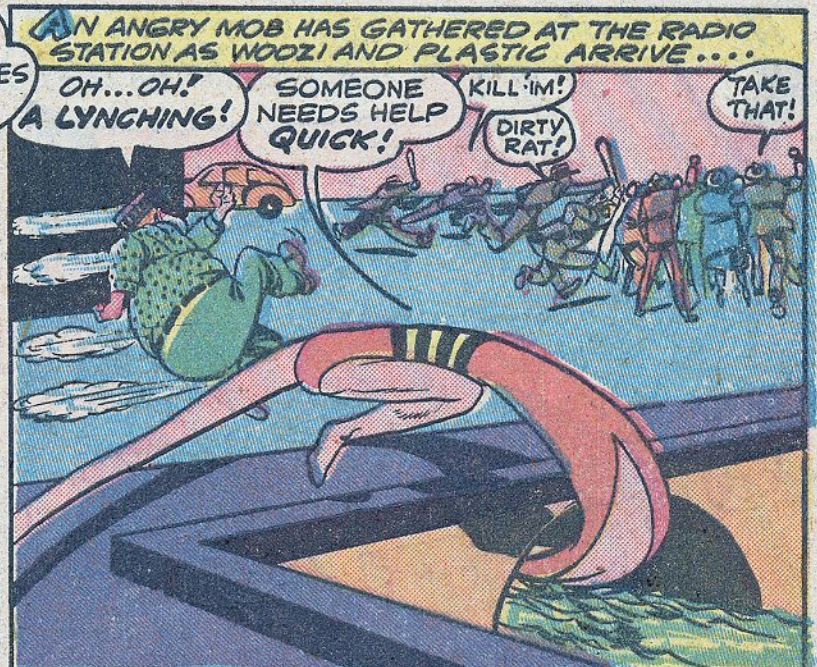
GOT IT!

SUDDENLY

WHAM!

**SOMEONE
DOESN'T
LIKE US!!**

IT'S A GOOD
THING YOU'RE
RUBBER AND
I'M IMMUNE
TO INJURY!!



LATER, AT THE POLICE LAB..



NEXT DAY WILL HAWES, UNMINDFUL OF WHAT HE HAS DONE READS OF THE MURDERS..



AGAIN THE REFLECTION APPEARS!



HOWEVER THIS TIME YOU SHALL SUCCEED! LOOK INTO MY EYES!!

NO! NO! NO!

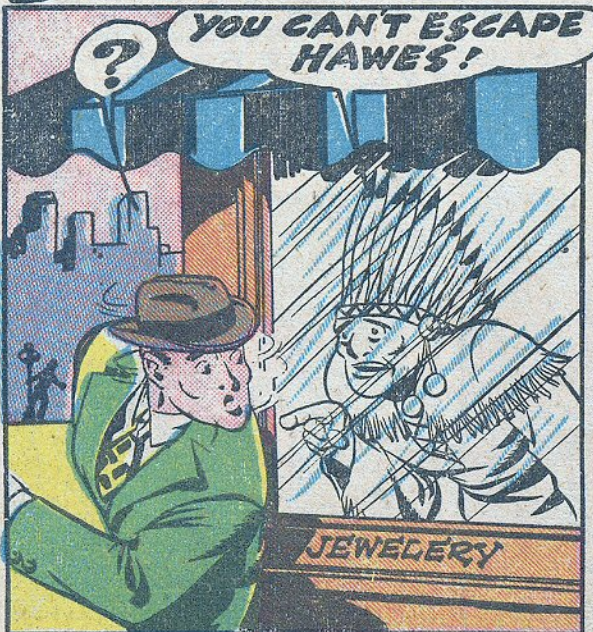
I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!

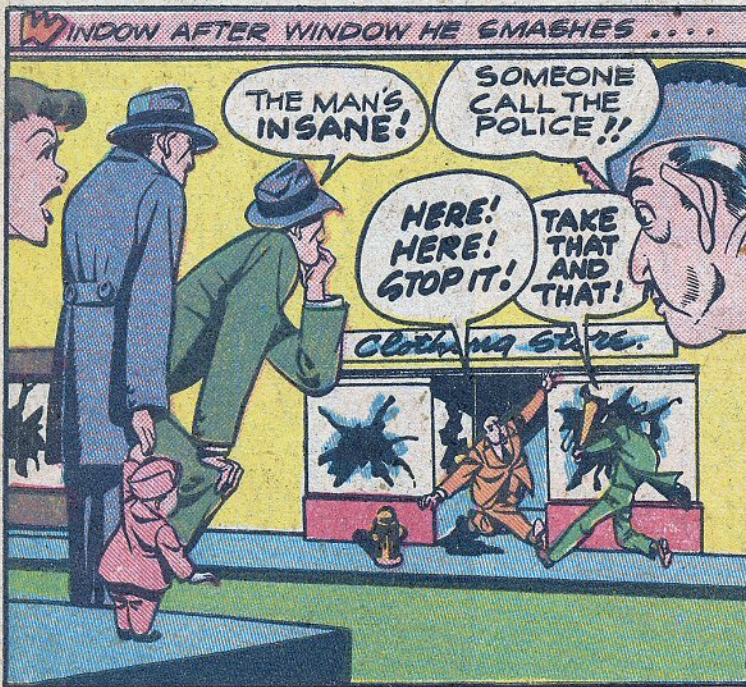


HAWES LASHES OUT...

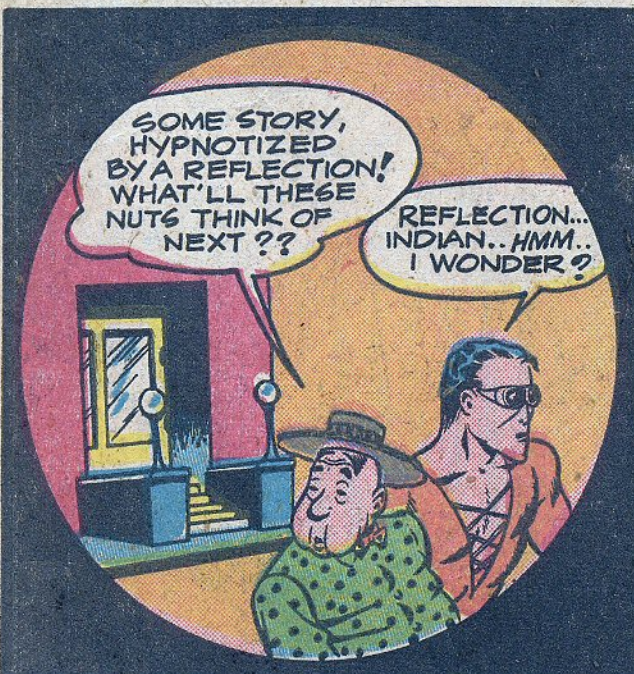
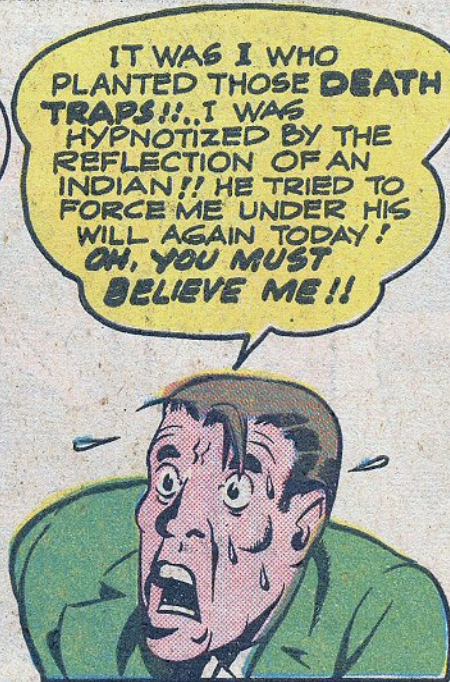


BUT IN THE STREET....

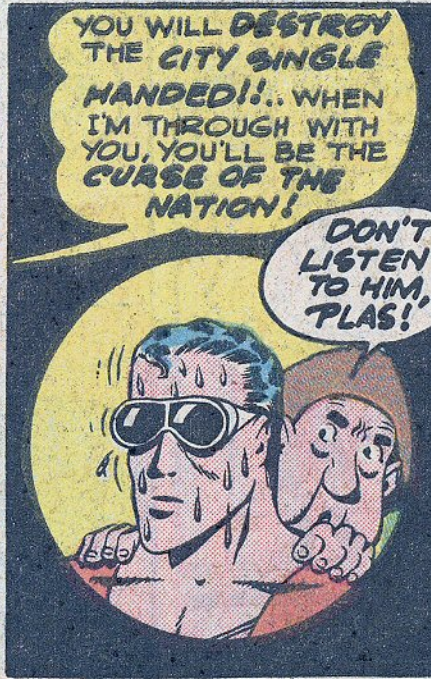




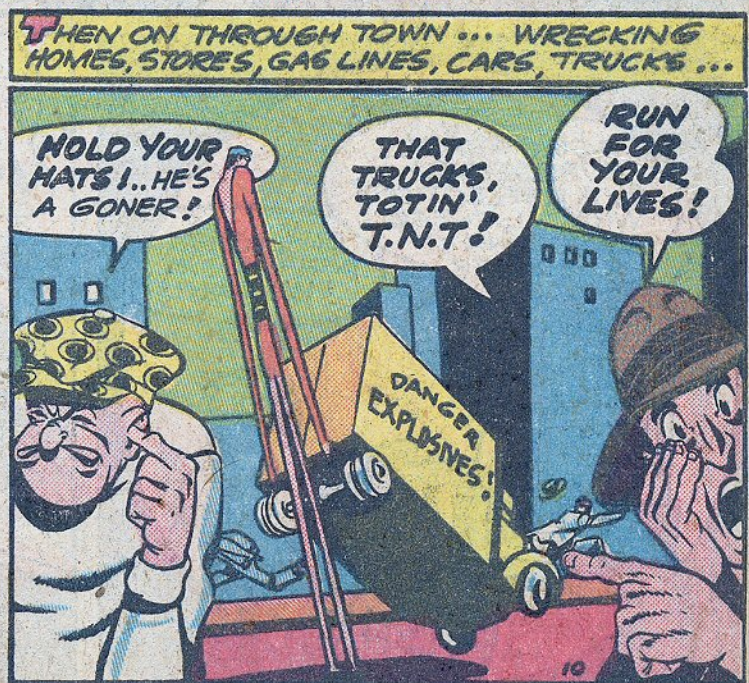
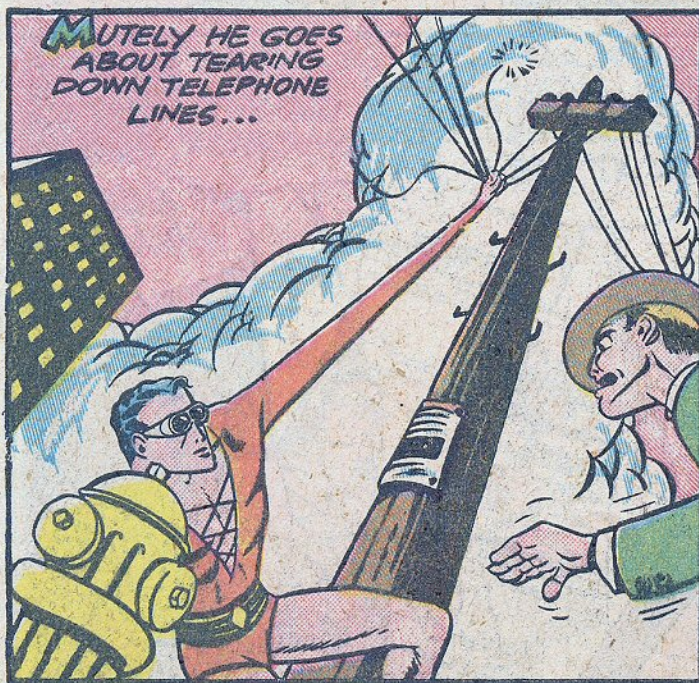
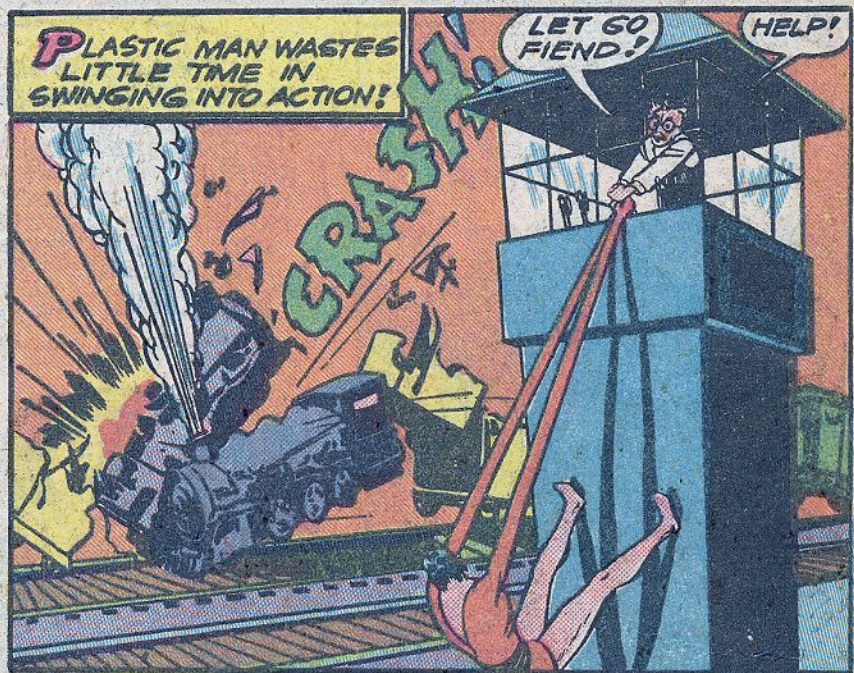
POOR HAWES PROTESTS ALL THE WAY TO HEADQUARTERS...

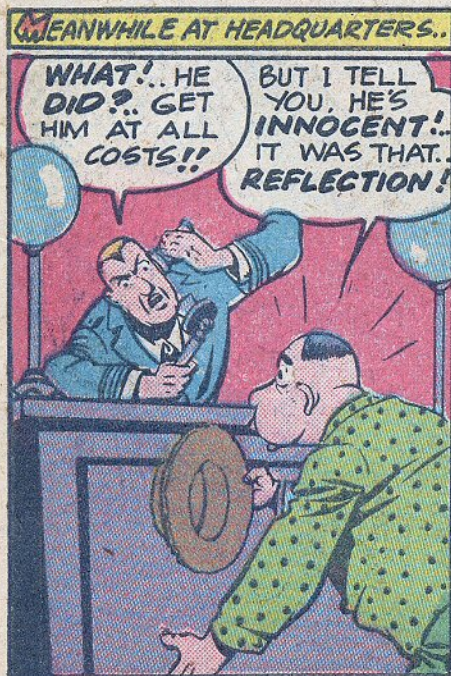
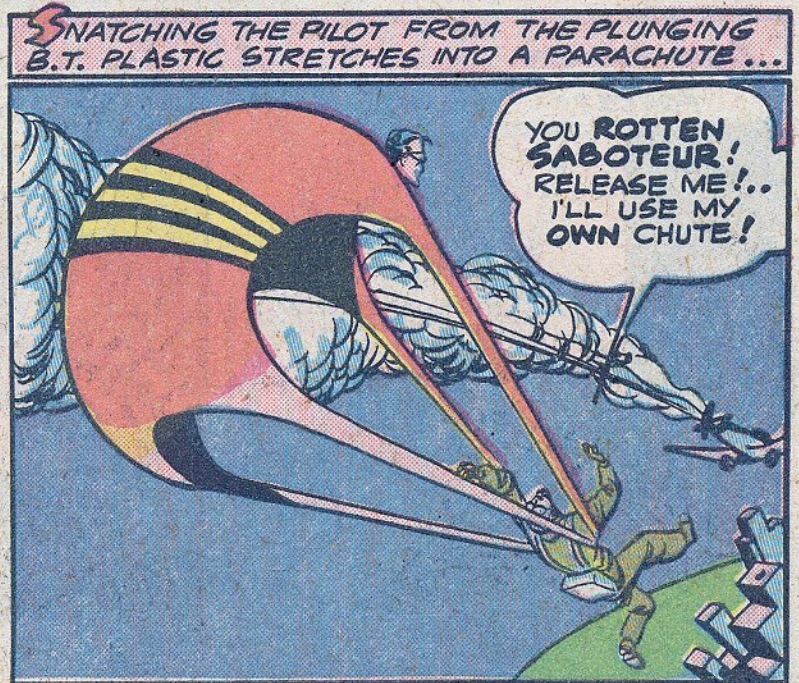
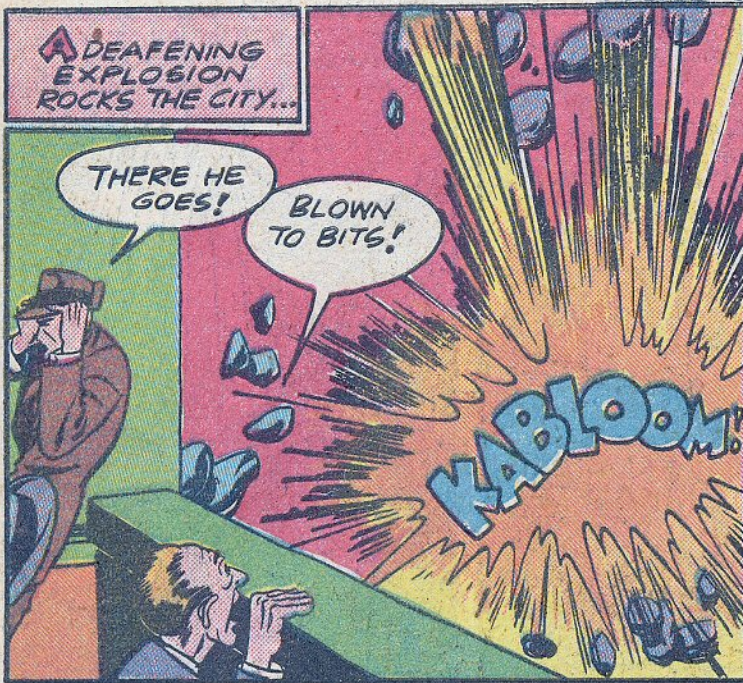


BEFORE HE CAN STEEL HIMSELF, PLASTIC MAN IS UNDER THE SPELL.



BUT WOOLZY'S PLEAS FALL ON DEAF EARS....





OUTSIDE WOOLLY SNAPS TO ACTION....



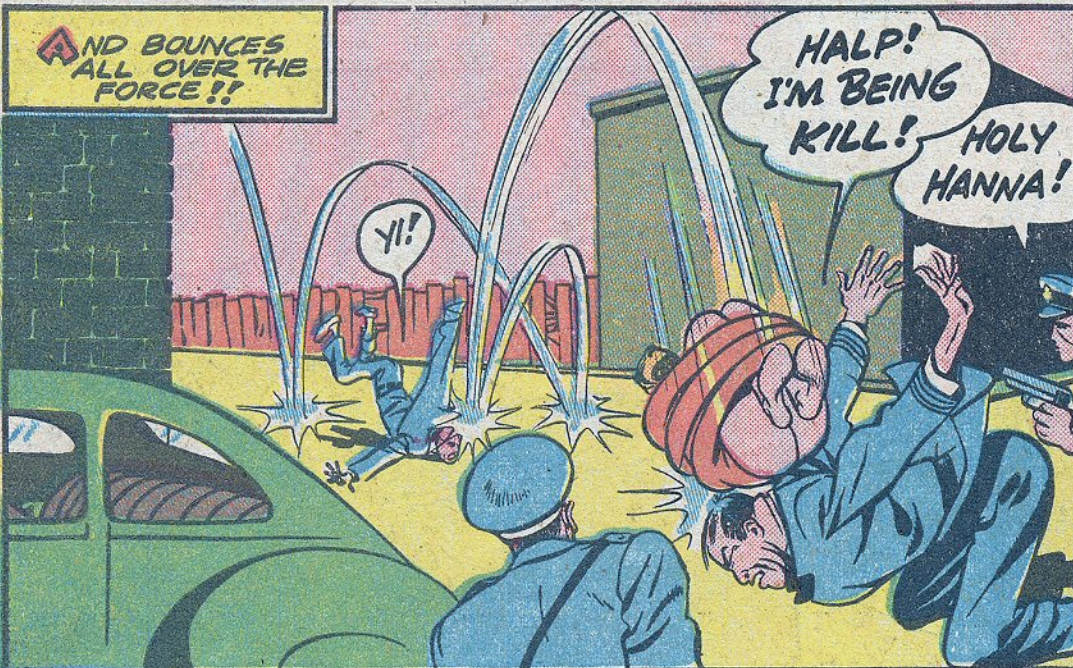
WE REJOIN PLASTIC MAN STILL PARACHUTING TO EARTH....



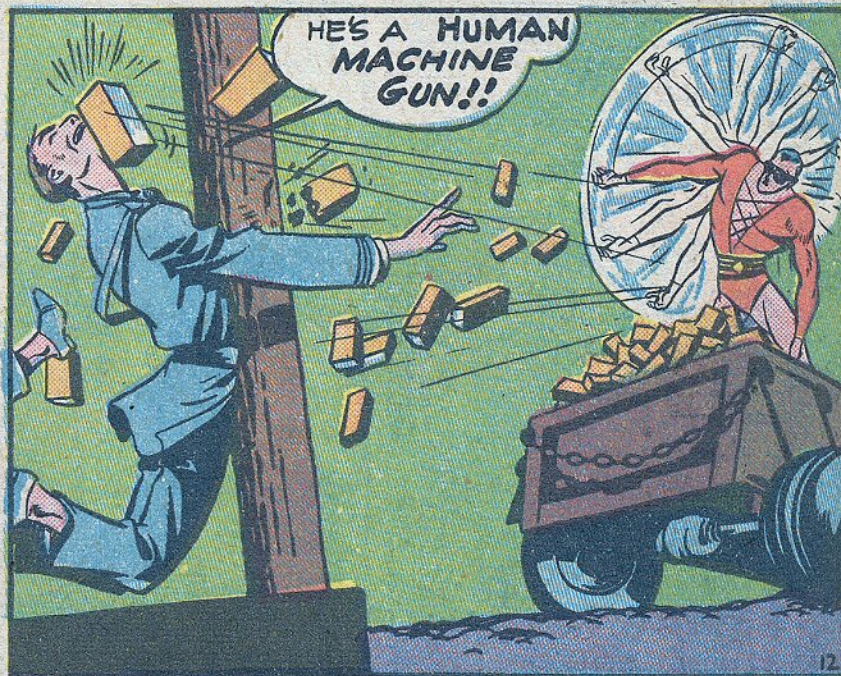
DEPOSITING THE PILOT, HE PLUNGES DOWNWARD...



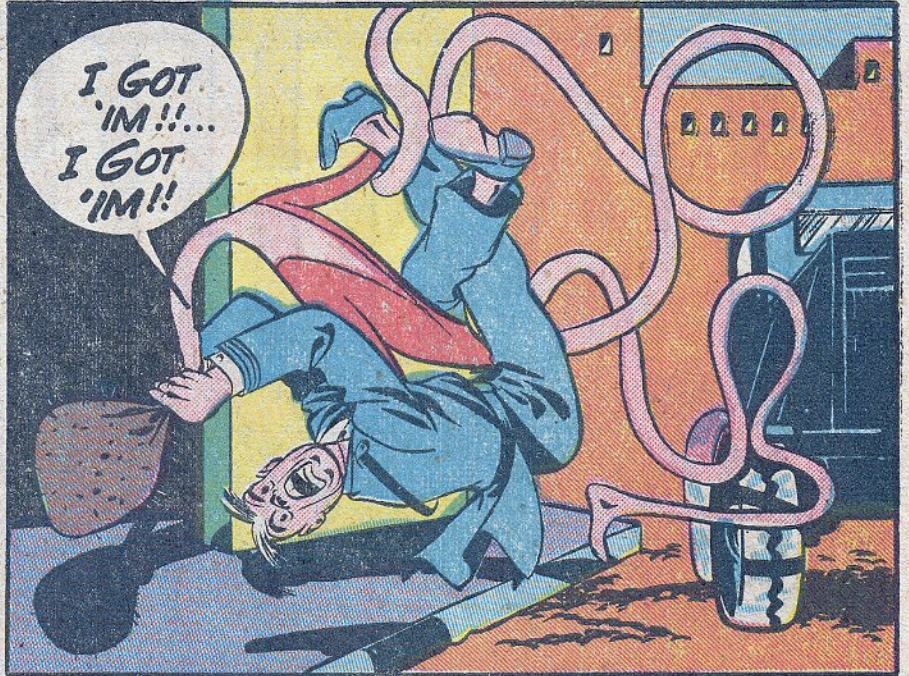
AND BOUNCES ALL OVER THE FORCE !!



GRAB HIM BLOCKHEADS! DON'T LET THAT RUBBER APE MAKE MONKEYS OUTTA US!



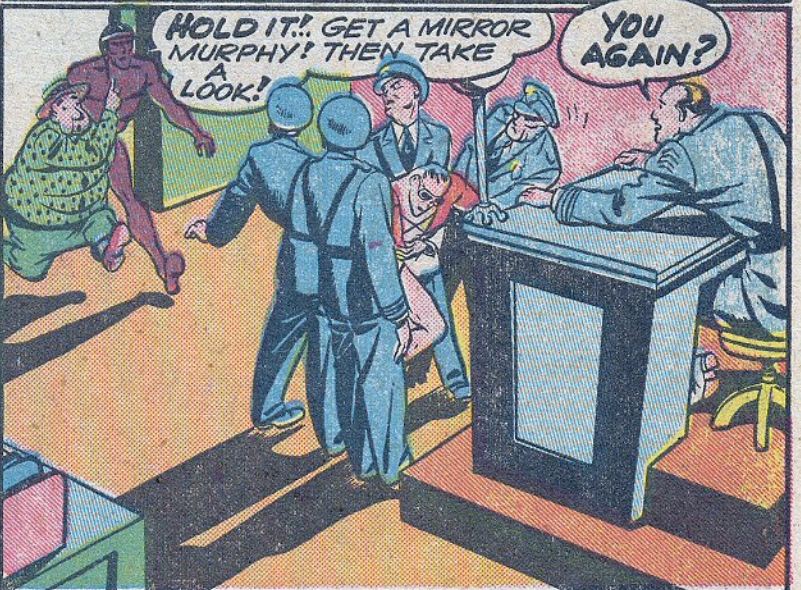
BUT A COP COMES FROM BEHIND...



A FEW MINUTES OF STRUGGLE... THEN SLEEP....



PLASTIC MAN, STILL UNCONSCIOUS IS TAKEN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



MURPHY OBLIGES, GRUMBLINGLY...

APPEAR OH FATHER! YOUR SON VOWS A LIFE OF SHAME UNLESS YOU CLEAR THE INNOCENT NAME OF PLASTIC MAN!



NO!! YOU MUSTN'T! RATHER THAN SEE YOU DISGRACED I CONFESS MY GUILT! PLASTIC MAN IS INNOCENT!



WELL FOR... HE'S GONE!

I KNEW PLAS WAS INNOCENT!

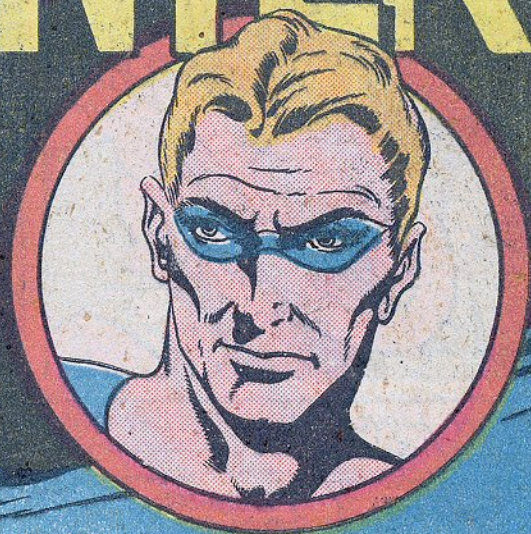


TO REST WITH HIS BODY FOREVER!

WELL, FOLKS PLASTIC MAN IS STILL OUT... THE COPS ARE TOO DUMB-FOUNDED TO SPEAK, SO GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO SAY SO LONG, AND WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!!



MANHUNTER



**WANTED
THOR,
MANHUNTER'S
DOG
DEAD
OR
ALIVE!**

DEATH STALKS THE SHADOW OF GRAHAM PARK,
LEAVING A BLOOD SOAKED TRAIL OF MANGLED
CORPSES!! NO MAN DARED WALK THE NIGHT ALONE!!
A CITY TREMBLED AT THE BAYING OF THE DEATH-MOUND!!
AND THEN CAME THE TERRIBLE EDICT—GET MANHUNT-
ER'S GREAT DOG, THOR! KILL HIM ON SIGHT!! AND IT WAS
MANHUNTER AGAINST THE WORLD, FIGHTING TO PROVE
THAT HIS BEST FRIEND HAD NOT TURNED KILLER!



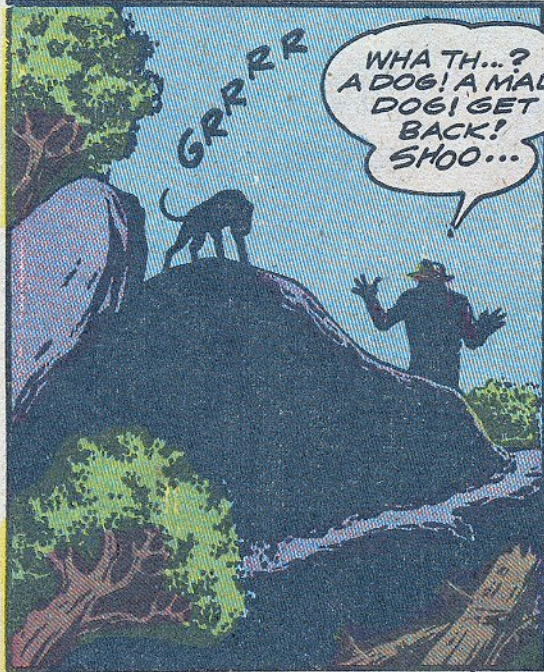
GRAHAM
PARK, AT
ONE END OF
ROOKIE DAN
RICHARDS'
NIGHTLY
BEAT!!

BETTER NOT
WALK THROUGH
THE PARK, SIR !!,
YOU KNOW THERE'S
BEEN SOME STRANGE
DEATHS IN
THERE ...

NONSENSE,
OFFICER!!
I TAKE THIS
SHORT-CUT
EVERY NIGHT!

BAH! IF THIS
PARK IS
DANGEROUS,
WHY DON'T THE
POLICE DO SOME-
THING ABOUT
IT INSTEAD,
OF... WHATS
THAT?

G-R-R-R



WHA TH...? A DOG! A MAD DOG! GET BACK! SHOO...



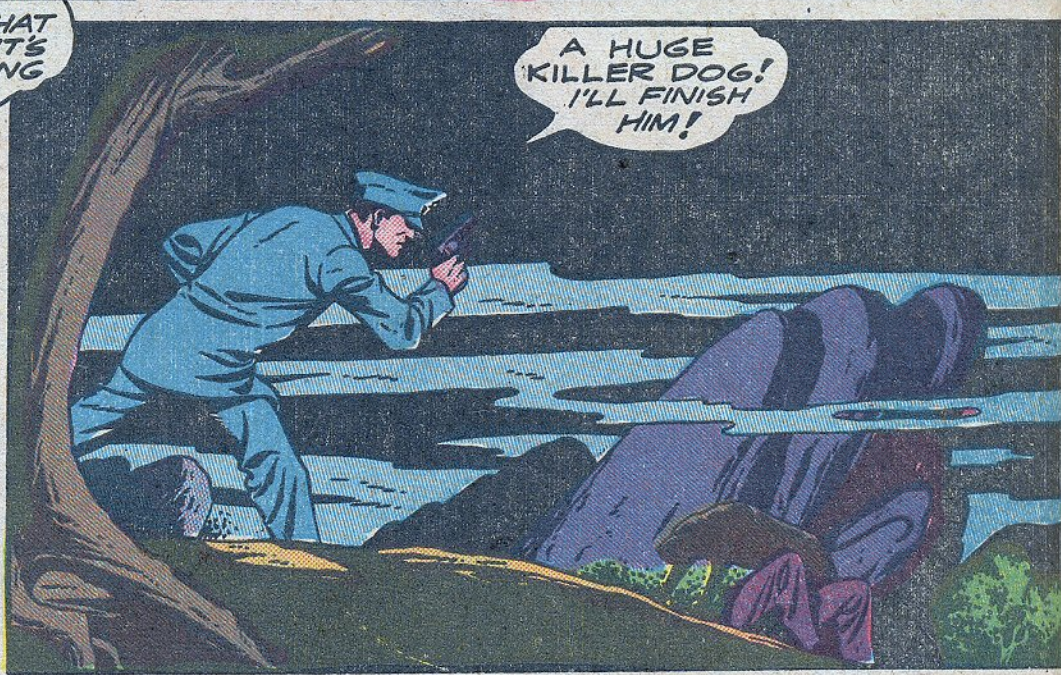
HALP! OFFICER THE DOG!!



STOP HIM! GET HIM AWAY AIEEEE!



WHAT...? THAT BEAST!! IT'S ATTACKING HIM!



A HUGE KILLER DOG! I'LL FINISH HIM!



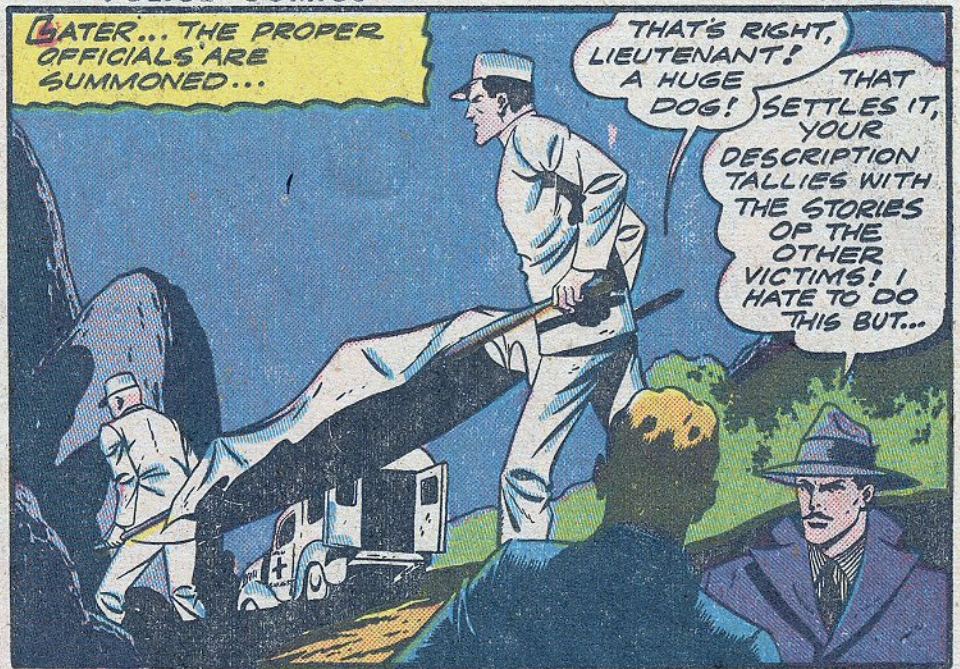
NO! IT CAN'T BE...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

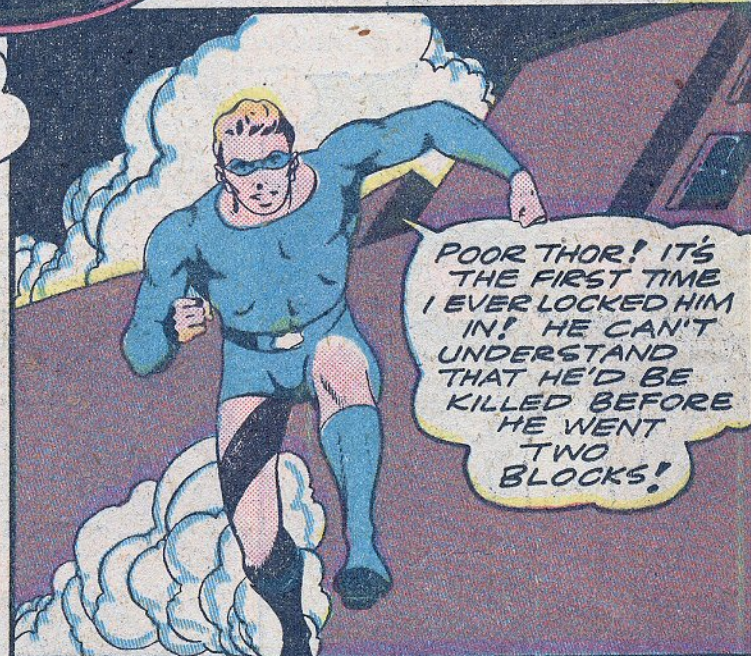
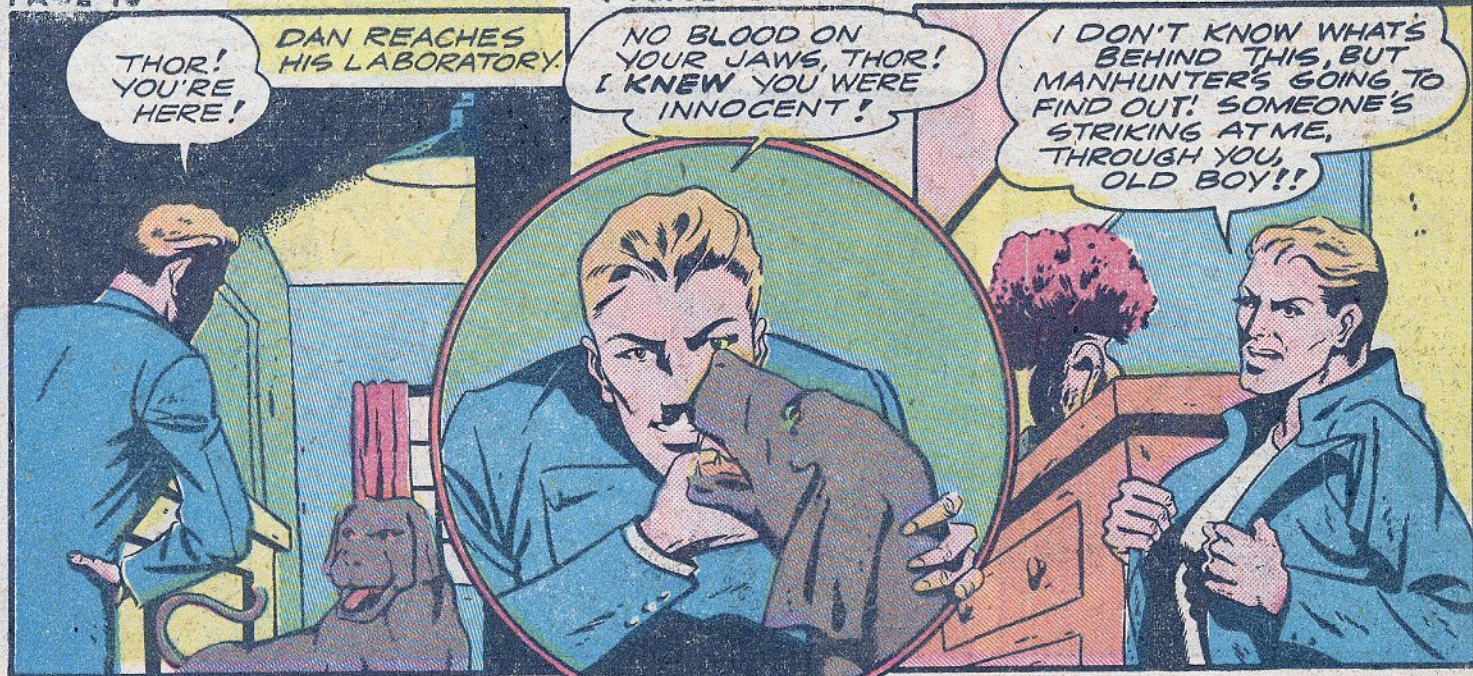


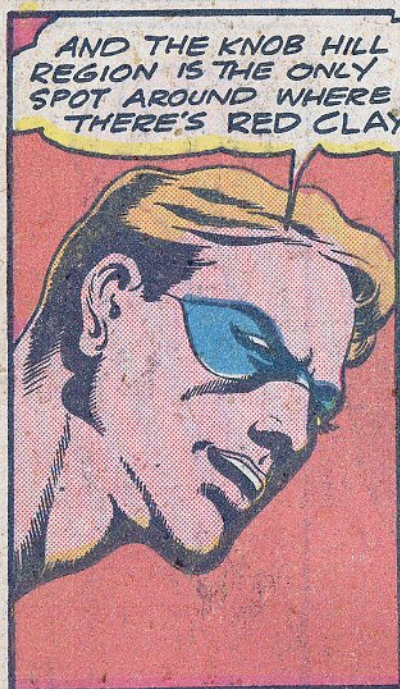
I-I CAN'T SHOOT! THAT DOG LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THOR! BUT THOR WOULDN'T KILL ANY-ONE, I KNOW!

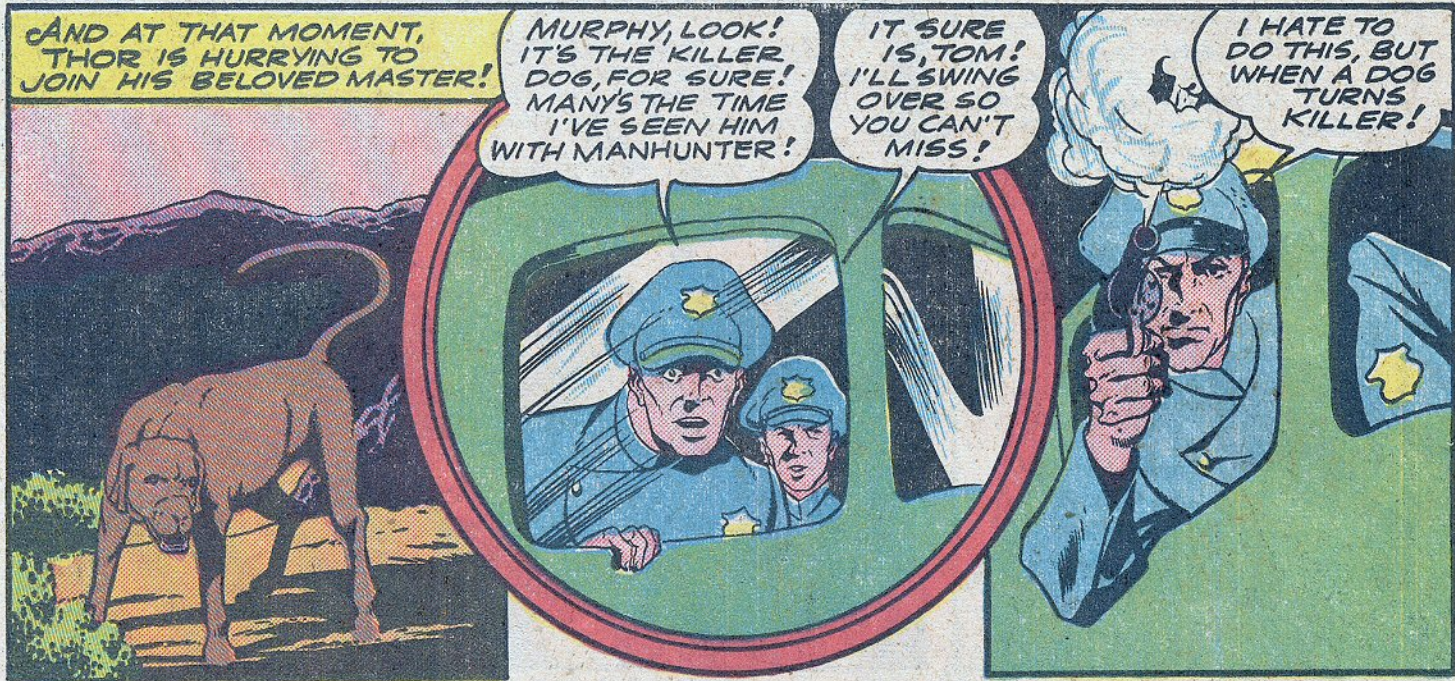


B-BUT DOGS DO GO MAD-EVEN THE GENTLEST ONES...









BOSS, AIN'T YUH SCARED MANHUNTER MIGHT DOPE OUT THE FRAME-UP, AND SMELL US OUT?

SO WHAT? I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM COME SNOOPING AROUND HERE, WHY I'D---

1-1-GULP!

GO ON, RICKER, YOU'D WHAT?

MAYBE YOU'D SOCK HIM IN THE JAW, LIKE THIS!

OR MAYBE YOU'D DUCK AND SLAM IN A BODY PUNCH LIKE THIS!

ZOCK!

NO, CHUM, HE'D SNEAK UP AND BAT YOUR BRAINS OUT--LIKE THIS!

CRACK!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, MAX... YOU'VE GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR WITH A PUNCH!

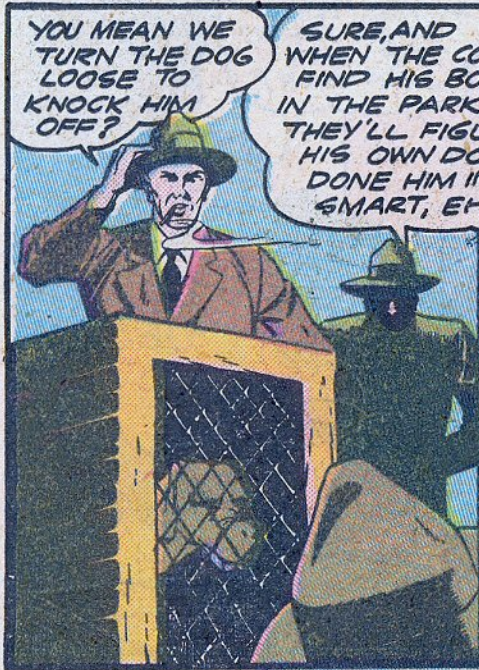
GAH! SO DID MANHUNTER!

AIN'T WE GONNA KNOCK HIM OFF RIGHT AWAY, BOSS?

NOPE!

WE AIN'T! BUT HIS DOG IS, CATCH ON?

HOT PUPS! WHAT AN IDEA!

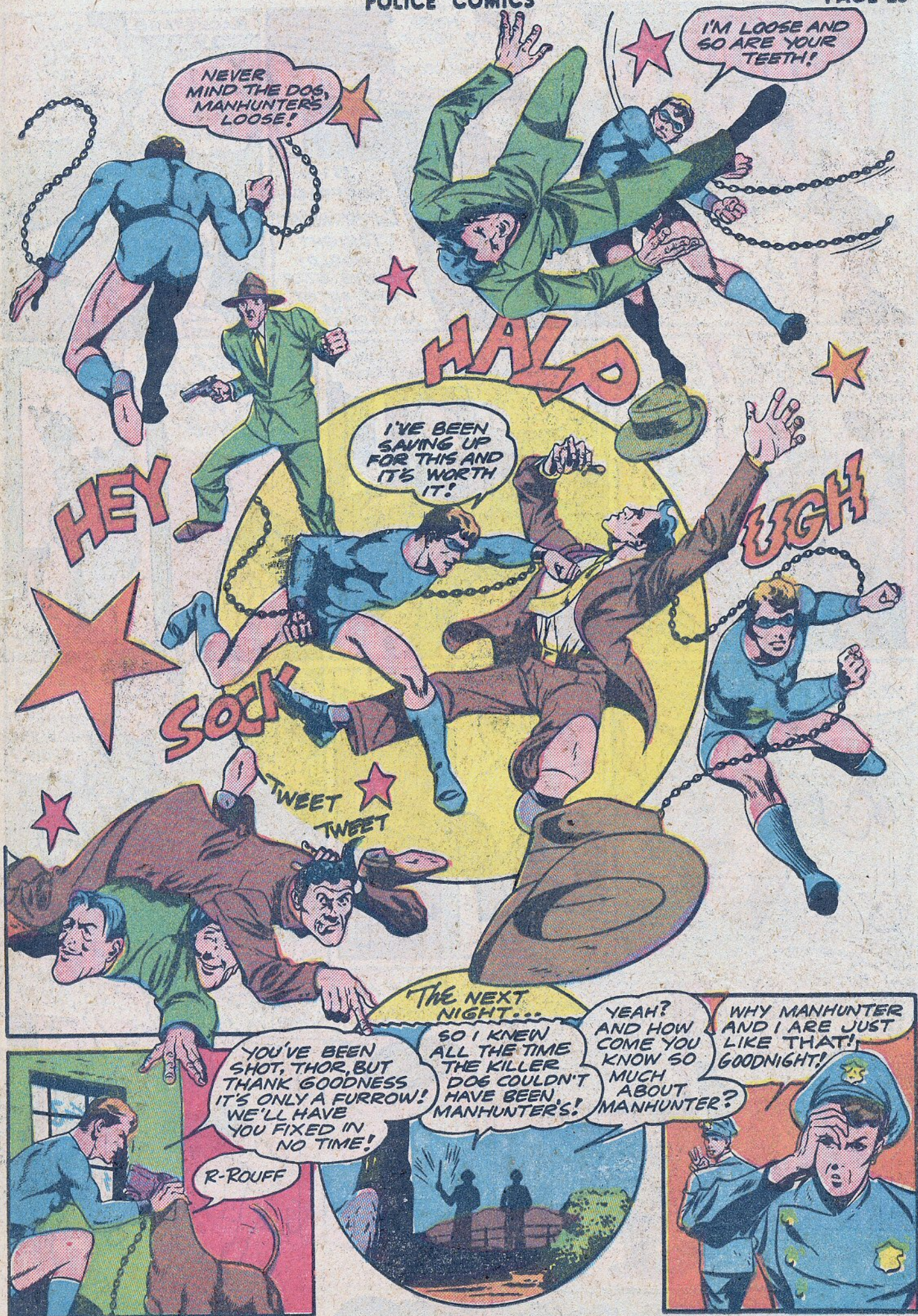


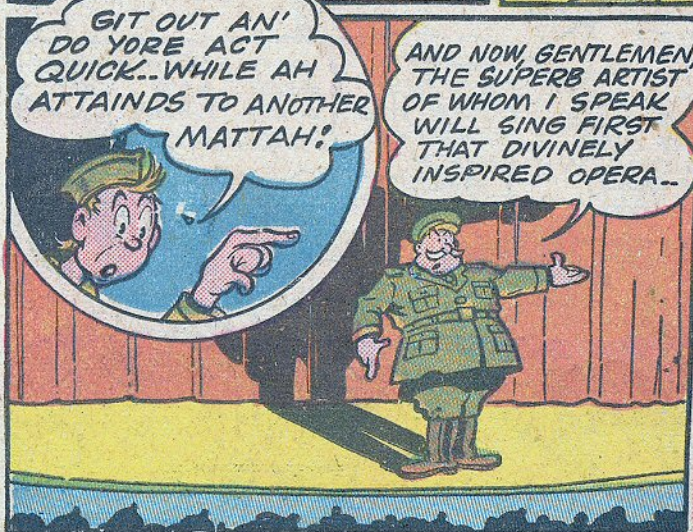
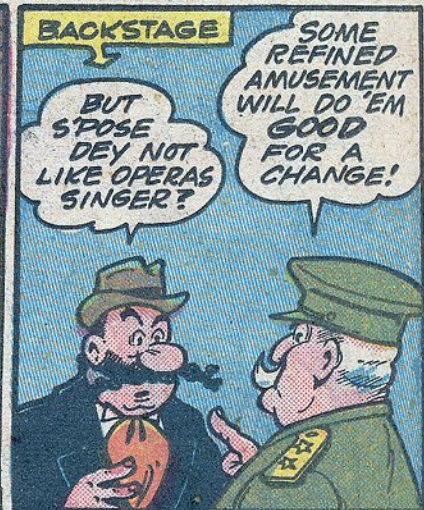
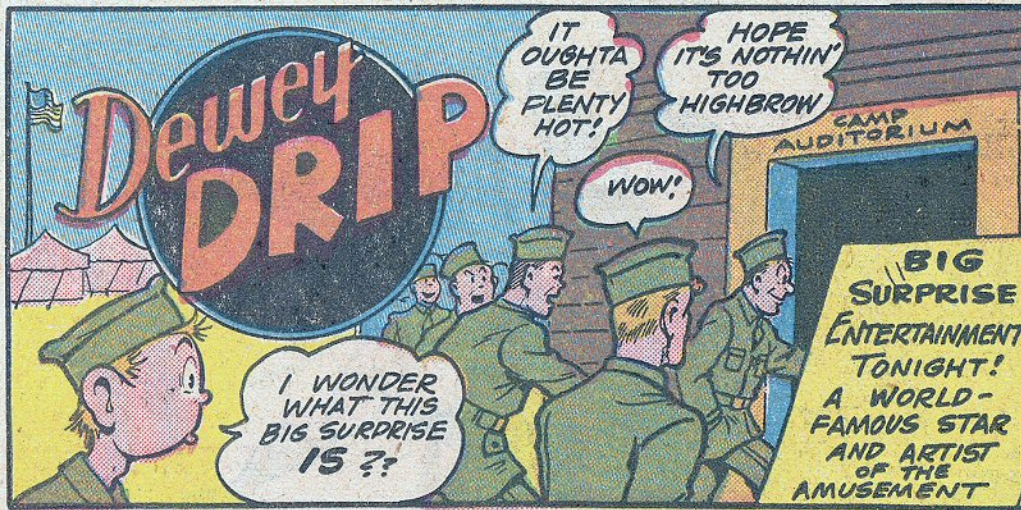
SURE, AND WHEN THE COPS FIND HIS BODY IN THE PARK, THEY'LL FIGURE HIS OWN DOG DONE HIM IN—SMART, EH?

SHALL I LET KILLER LOOSE NOW?

WAIT! WE WANT TO BE SURE MANHUNTER'S AWAKE SO HE CAN APPRECIATE THE JOKE ON HIMSELF!







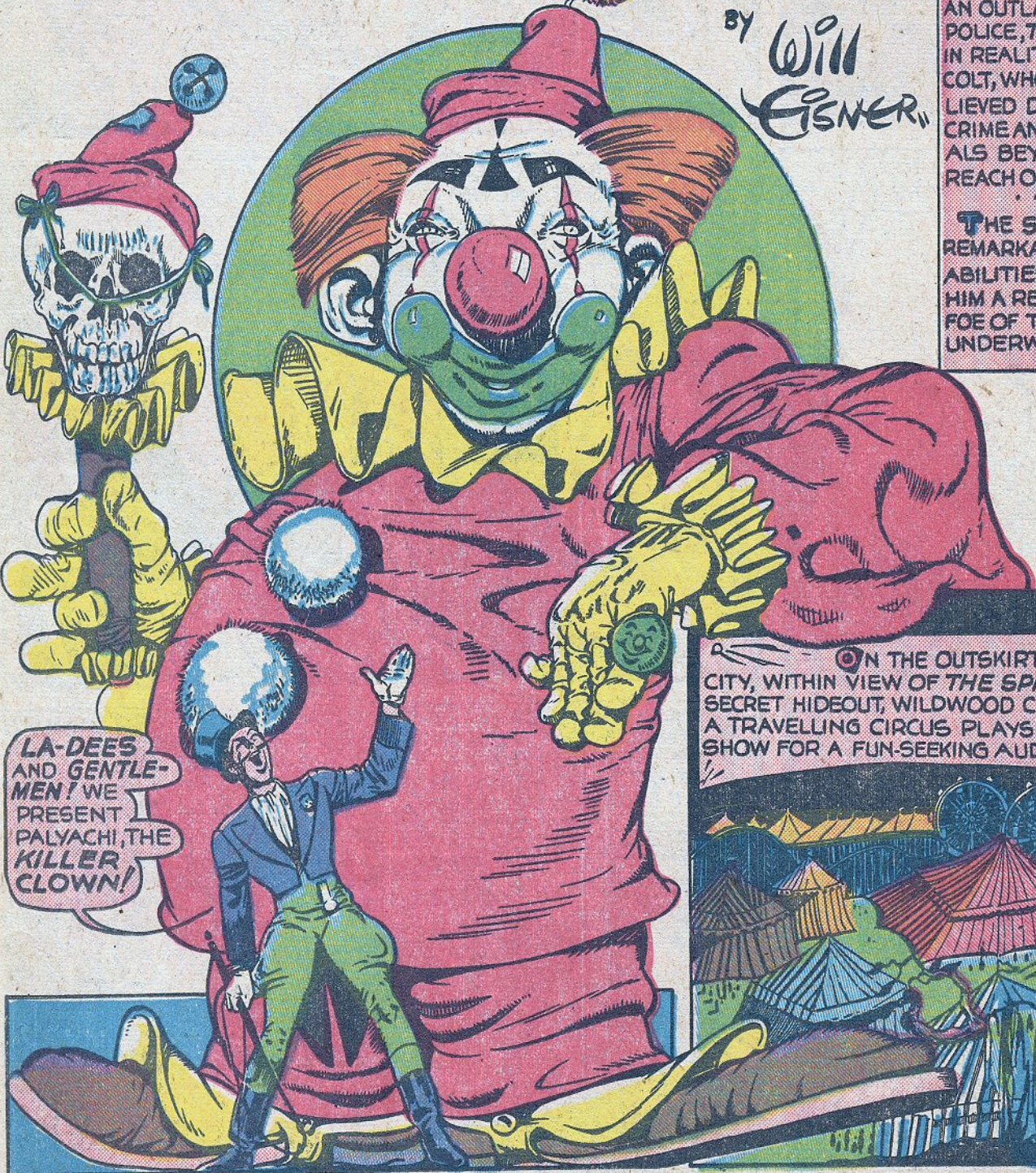
The SPIRIT



By *Will Eisner*

THOUGH BRANDED AN OUTLAW BY THE POLICE, THE SPIRIT, IN REALITY DENNY COLT, WHO IS BELIEVED DEAD, FIGHTS CRIME AND CRIMINALS BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW.

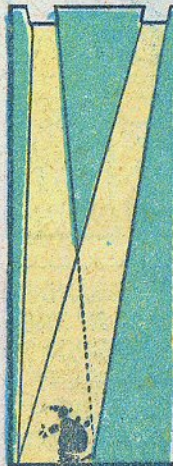
THE SPIRIT'S REMARKABLE ABILITIES MAKE HIM A RELENTLESS FOE OF THE UNDERWORLD....



LA-DEES AND GENTLEMEN! WE PRESENT PALYACHI, THE KILLER CLOWN!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, WITHIN VIEW OF THE SPIRIT'S SECRET HIDEOUT, WILDWOOD CEMETERY, A TRAVELLING CIRCUS PLAYS ITS GAUDY SHOW FOR A FUN-SEEKING AUDIENCE...

THE FIRST ACT IS ON. THE AUDIENCE IS CONVULSED WITH LAUGHTER.



AMUSED BY A CLOWN KNOWN AS PALLYACHI.



THE ACT OVER, LET US FOLLOW PALLYACHI, AS HE HEADS FOR A DRESSING ROOM MARKED WITH A STAR.



YES... SO WHAT? TO THEM YOU ARE A STUPID LITTLE CLOWN! MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF... YOU WANT TO MARRY ME?? WELL, DO SOMETHING TO PROVE YOUR LOVE!

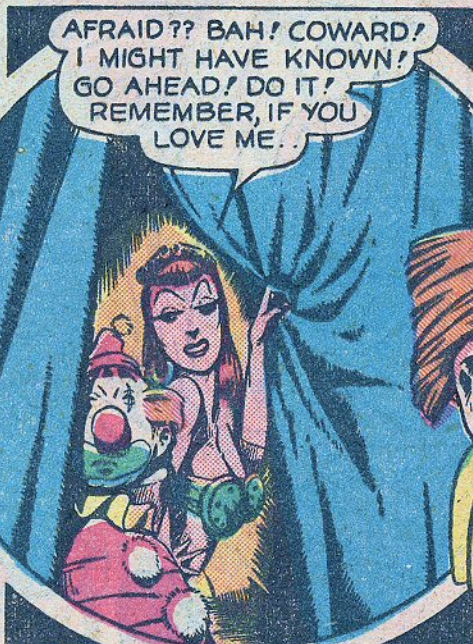
BUT WHAT?

MARKA, DID YOU HEAR THEM?



THERE! KILL FLIPO, THE TRAPEZE ARTIST! I HATE HIM!

KILL? NO! NO!



AFRAID?? BAH! COWARD! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! GO AHEAD! DO IT! REMEMBER, IF YOU LOVE ME...

KILL? I CAN'T! I'VE NEVER HARMED A SOUL... (GULP) BUT I MUST! IF I'M TO WIN HER... I-I-I'M MAD ABOUT HER!



LATER THAT NIGHT... THE FINAL ACT IS ANNOUNCED

INTRODUCING FLIPO, THE AERIAL ARTIST, WHO WILL DO FOUR FLIPS IN MID-AIR!

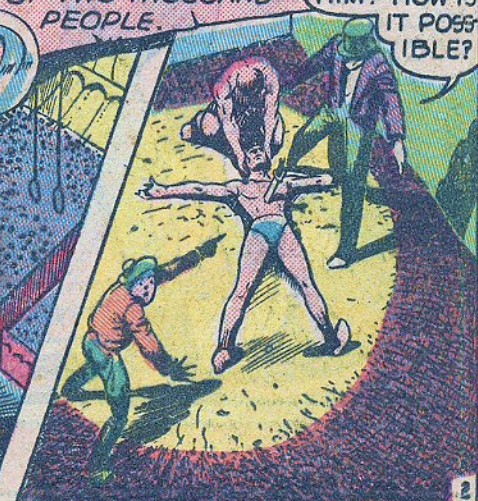
DRUMS ROLL IN ENDLESS THUNDER, AS FLIPO SWINGS FROM ONE SIDE OF THE HUGE TENT TO THE OTHER. AS HE NEARS ONE SIDE, HE SEES PALLYACHI HIDDEN IN THE RAFTERS.



PALLYACHI!! DON'T

UNSEEN, PALLYACHI'S KNIFE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, AND A MAN IS MURDERED BEFORE THE EYES OF TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE.

DEAD!! A KNIFE IN HIS CHEST! BUT NO ONE WAS NEAR HIM! HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?



THE DESIRE TO KILL IS NOW STRONG WITHIN PALLYACHI THE CLOWN...AND THE NEXT NIGHT A KILLER CLOWN STALKS THE STREETS!



ROBBERY

YOU ARE VERY SWEET, BUT I MUST HAVE MORE. A MILLION DOLLARS AND THEN... PERHAPS I'LL MARRY YOU!

I HAVE BROUGHT YOU ALL I HAVE STOLEN! WILL YOU MARRY ME NOW?

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY IN THE SPIRIT'S UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT.



GOSH! SHO'IS WUNNERFUL WAY DESE DETEIVES SOLVE DEM CRIMES, MIST' SPIRIT!

VERY SIMPLE, EBONY.. A MATTER OF THINKING ALONG THE PROPER LINES.

YEAH? I S'POSE YOU COULD SOLVE DE KILLIN' IN DIS MAWNIN'S PAPER.

JES' LIKE SHERLOCK HOLMES USTA DO?

LET ME SEE.. HMM RESIN

POLICE BAFFLED
LATEST IN SERIES OF CLUELESS CRIMES!

Bank clerk murdered! No clues, save a bit of powdered resin... Police believe clue to be unimportant

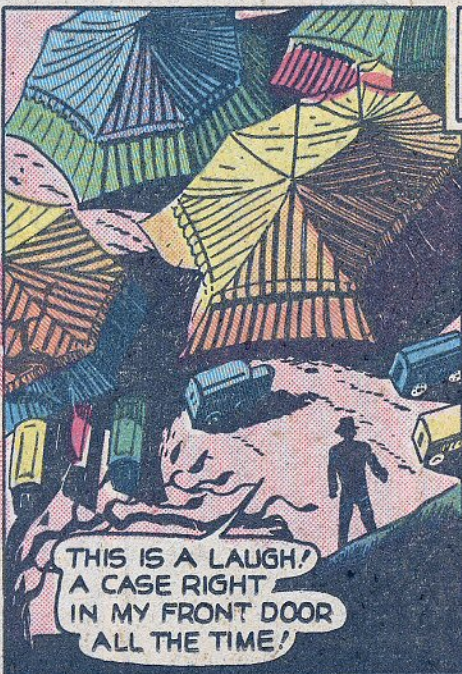
THAT'S AN EASY ONE. THE RESIN DUST INDICATES SOME SORT OF CIRCUS PERFORMER. IT HELPS THEM GRIP ROPE MORE FIRMLY. THE KILLER IS A CIRCUS PERFORMER!



CIRCUS?!

SAY, MR. SPIRIT! DEY'S BEEN A CIRCUS NEAR HERE FO' DAYS! I AIN'T NOTICED BEFO'!

WHAT? THAT'S A HUNCH! BY JOVE! I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK!



THIS IS A LAUGH! A CASE RIGHT IN MY FRONT DOOR ALL THE TIME!

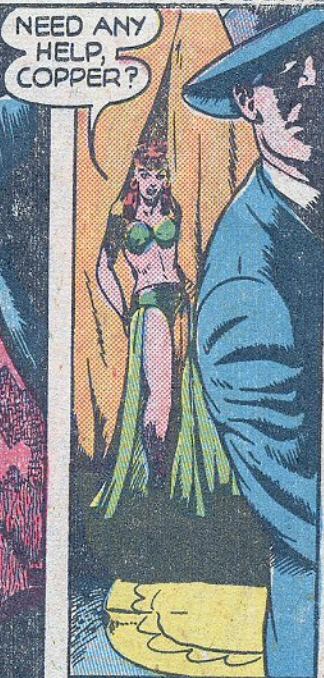
THE CIRCUS IS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT AS THE SPIRIT HEADS DOWN THE DESERTED MIDWAY.



NOW, LET'S SEE, I'LL PLAY ANOTHER HUNCH, AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE LADIES' DRESSING ROOMS FIRST!



THIS MUST BE THE STAR'S ROOM... HOLY SMOKE! JEWELRY AND MONEY! ODD FOR A CIRCUS PERFORMER TO BE SO WEALTHY!



NEED ANY HELP, COPPER?



AH... CORRECTION, I AM NOT A POLICEMAN... I AM THE SPIRIT!

OH... I'VE HEARD OF YOU!



QUITE AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF JEWELRY YOU HAVE! I'LL WAGER THEY ALL FIT THE DESCRIPTION OF THOSE STOLEN LAST NIGHT... **COME CLEAN!**

WELL... YES... THEY ARE! SO WHAT?



I DIDN'T DO IT, BUT I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU. I'M ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF PALYACHI ANY-
OW!



SO I'LL TELL YOU WHO DID IT... TURN HIM OVER TO THE COPS AND THEN YOU AND I CAN GO INTO PARTNERSHIP... YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER... AND HANDSOME TOO.

WHO?



PALYACHI, THE CLOWN DID IT!

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW... HEY! SOMEONE'S BEEN LISTENING IN! WHY, IT'S A CLOWN! ONE SIDE!

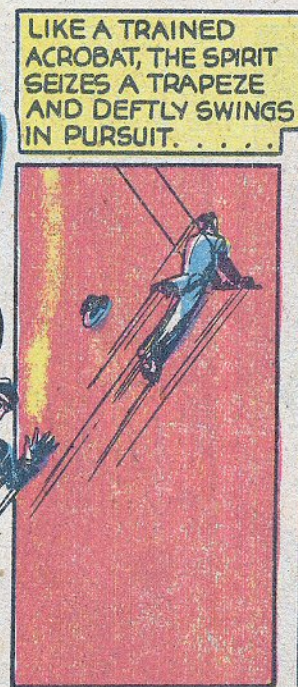


STREAKING IN PURSUIT, THE SPIRIT GAINS RAPIDLY ON THE CLOWN.

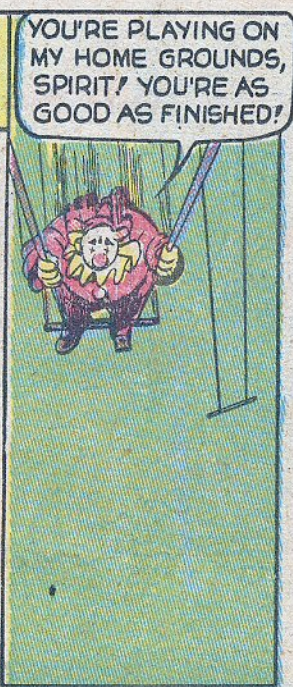


BUT ABOVE

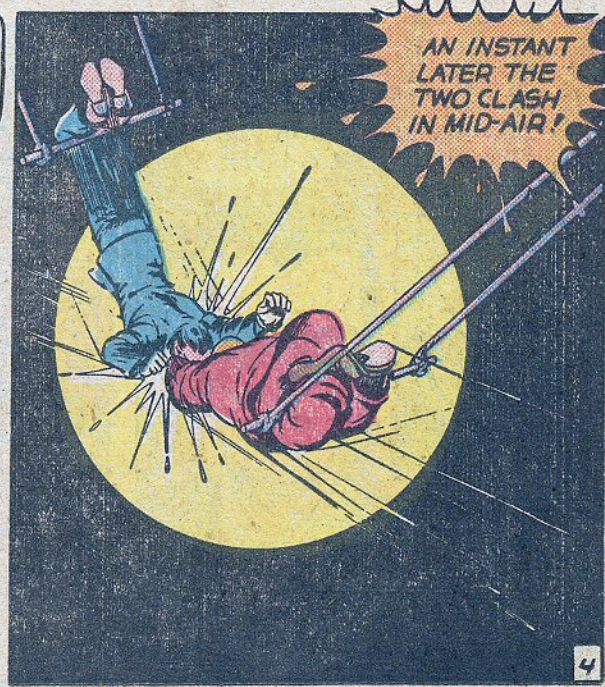
OH! SO THERE YOU ARE! LOST YOU FOR A MOMENT!



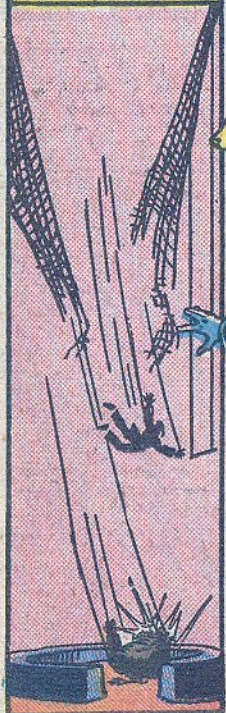
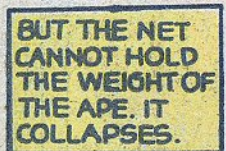
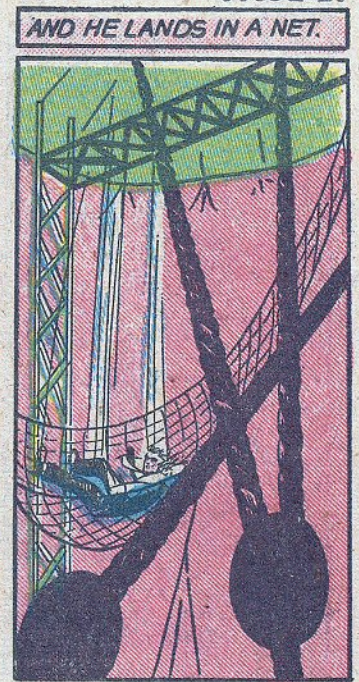
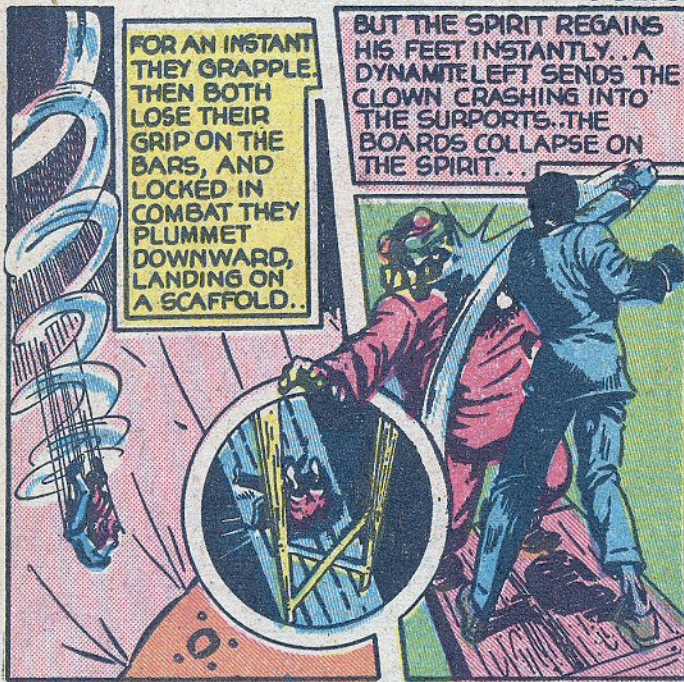
LIKE A TRAINED ACROBAT, THE SPIRIT SEIZES A TRAPEZE AND DEFTLY SWINGS IN PURSUIT.



YOU'RE PLAYING ON MY HOME GROUNDS, SPIRIT! YOU'RE AS GOOD AS FINISHED!

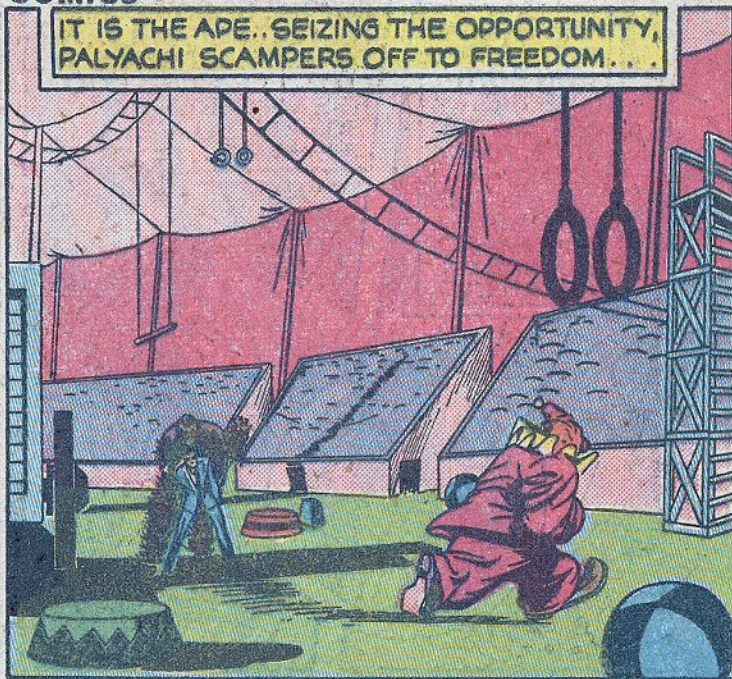


AN INSTANT LATER THE TWO CLASH IN MID-AIR!





SUDDENLY A POWERFUL PAW CLOSES ABOUT THE SPIRIT'S COLLAR IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP...



IT IS THE APE.. SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY, PALLYACHI SCAMPERS OFF TO FREEDOM...

IN A FLASH, THE SPIRIT IS OUT OF HIS COAT



HOLD MY COAT, MR APE!



THANKS!



BOY! YOU'RE TOUGH!

THE APE RAISES HIS ARM AND BRINGS IT DOWN IN A MURDEROUS SWIPE BY A HAIR'S BREADTH, THE SPIRIT ESCAPES INSTANT DEATH...



THE MONSTER STAGGERS THE BLOWS OF THE SPIRIT AT LAST TAKE EFFECT. WITH A GROAN THE APE SINKS TO THE SAWDUST.



GOLLY! THAT WAS CLOSE!

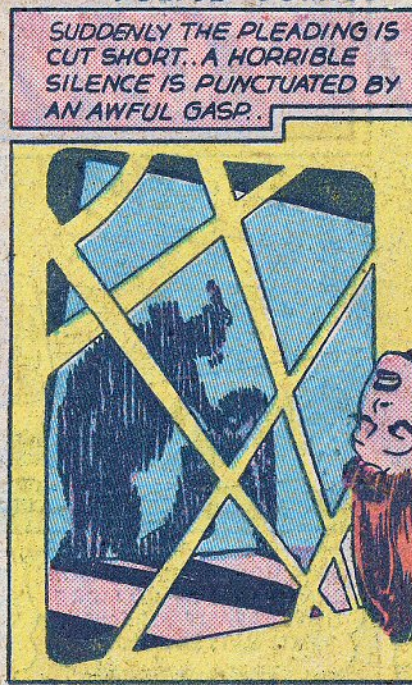
MEANWHILE, IN HER DRESSING ROOM, MARKA AWAITS THE RETURN OF THE SPIRIT...



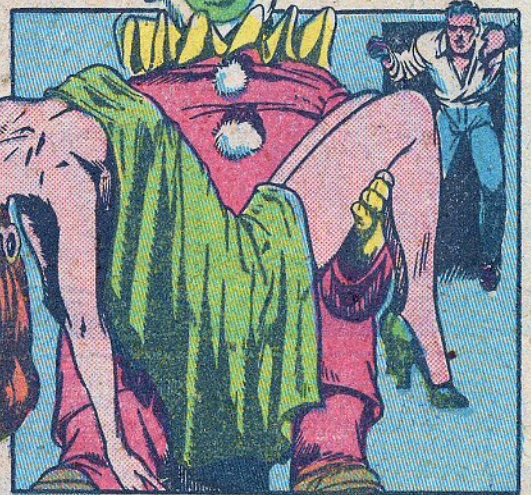
Y-YOU? PALLYACHI!

AH! THERE HE IS NOW. COME IN!

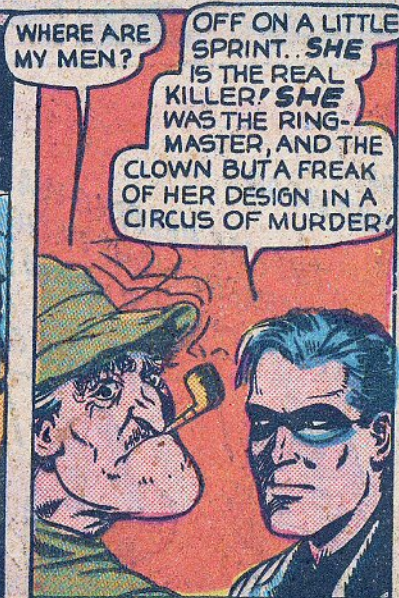
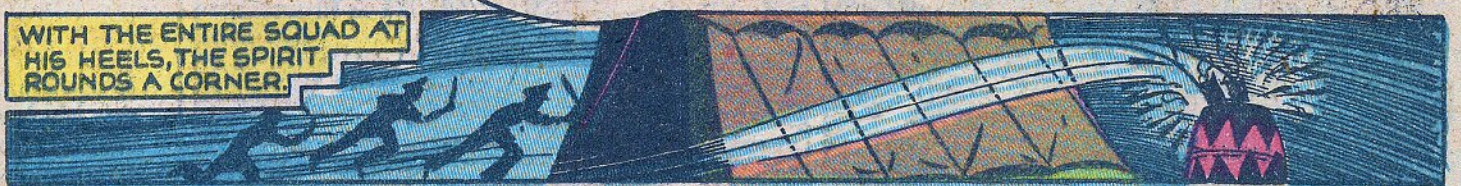
KNOCK KNOCK



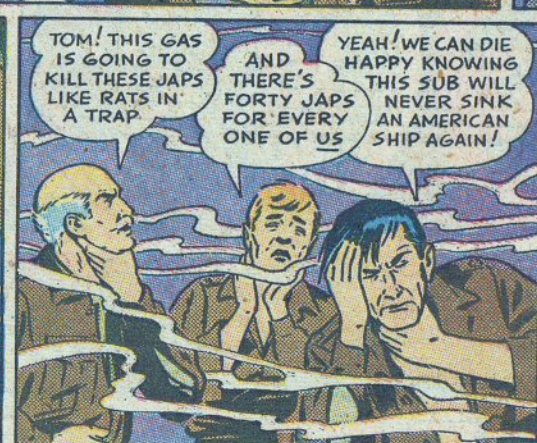
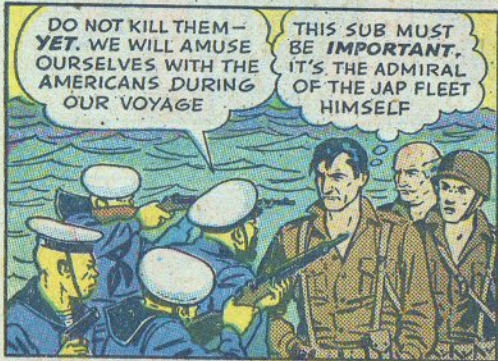
THEN AFTER A MOMENT, THE LITTLE
MAD CLOWN LIFTS HIS FACE IN A
LAUGHTER SO BLOOD-CURDLING
THAT IT MAKES
THE SPIRIT FREEZE
IN HORROR.



MEANWHILE, COMMISSIONER DOLAN ARRIVES WITH
A SQUAD OF POLICE.



TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION, WHEN THEIR P.T. BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE



IS THIS THE END OF TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS?

Trapped in a stricken submarine—choked by chlorine gas—they face certain death. Can some miracle save them? Read the breath-taking climax to this sensational story in the Tom Mix Comics Book.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

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5 BIG COMICS IN FULL COLOR

BRAND NEW NOT FOR SALE ANYWHERE

ADVENTURES OF UNCLE AMOS

JANE AT DREAM CASTLE

SPEED O'DARE - NAVY PILOT

L'I' INJUN

COMMANDO SECRETS

You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKERS FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B-1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY



INSTANT RALSTON... An amazing new hot whole wheat cereal that needs no cooking. Just stir into boiling water or milk and serve. A delicious warm-up build-up breakfast for all the family. Brimful of energy.

RALSTON WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL a family favorite for over 40 years. Cooks in 5 minutes.

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals" and both Instant Ralston and Ralston are whole grain. Both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamin B₁. Take your choice.



MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom:

I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

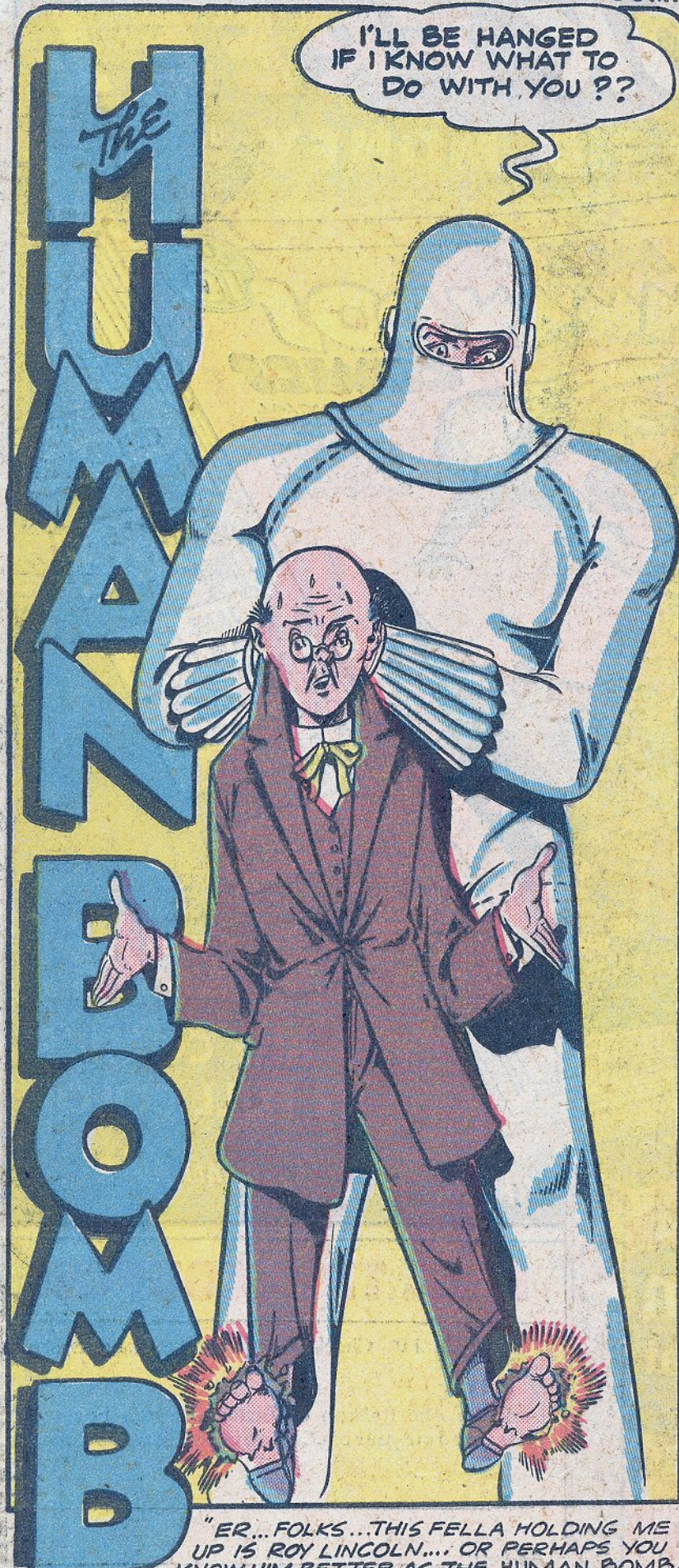
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

IMPORTANT: If you have no coupon you can get the Tom Mix COM-MANDOS COMICS Book anyway. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. This offer expires January 1, 1943.



"ER... FOLKS... THIS FELLA HOLDING ME UP IS ROY LINCOLN.... OR PERHAPS YOU KNOW HIM BETTER AS THE HUMAN BOMB! WELL, LAST MONTH, WE HAD QUITE A MIX UP... HE HAD TO GIVE ME A BLOOD-TRANSFUSION TO SAVE MY LIFE... AND BECAUSE OF IT, I GOT THE SAME TROUBLE AS HE HAS IN HIS HANDS! THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT EVERYTHING MY FEET TOUCH BLOWS UP!"



WHY ARE YOU SO SQUEAMISH ABOUT GOING TO MY CANTEEN'S SERVICE DANCE?

THE WOLVES.... IN ARMY UNIFORMS!



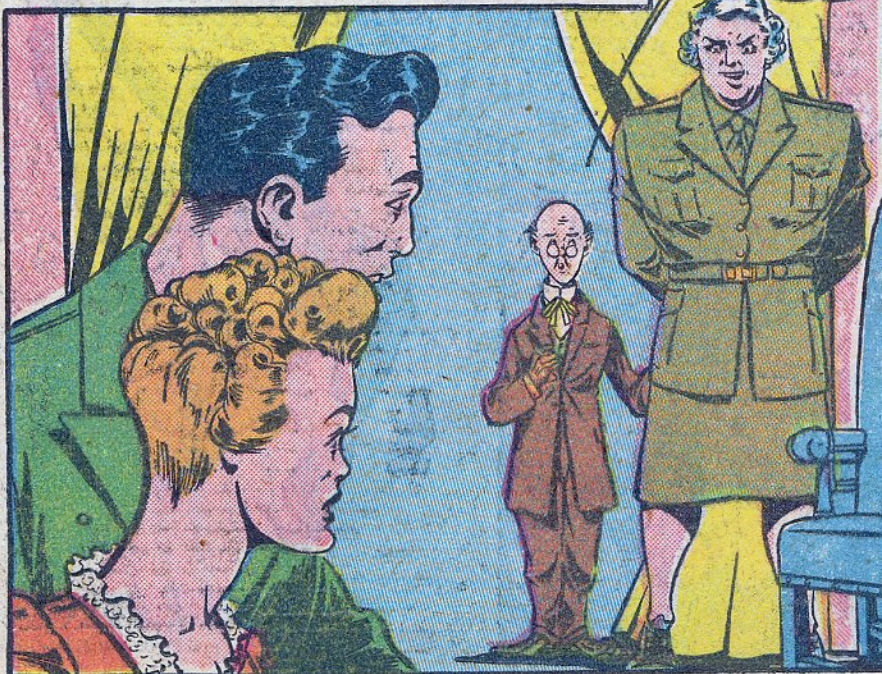
OH, ROY- YOU'RE BEING VERY UN-PATRIOTIC... AND... JEALOUS!

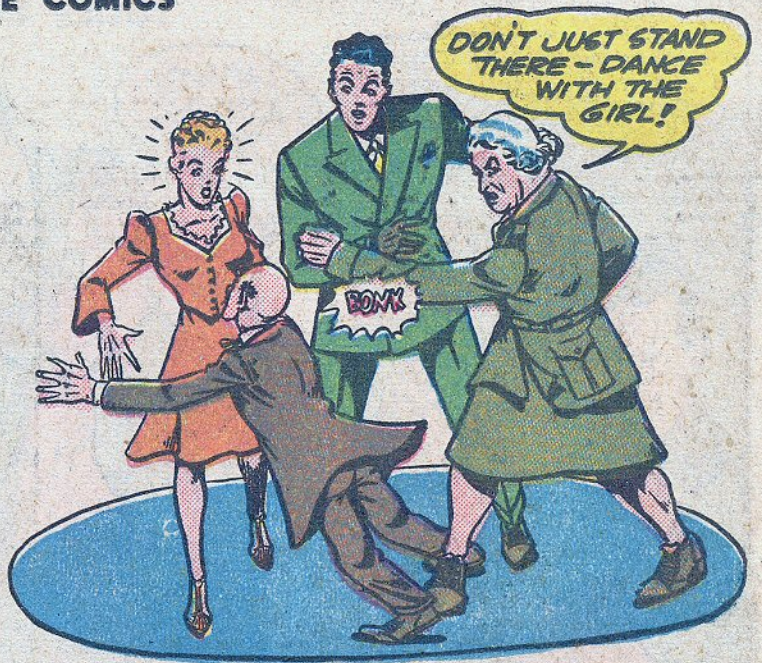
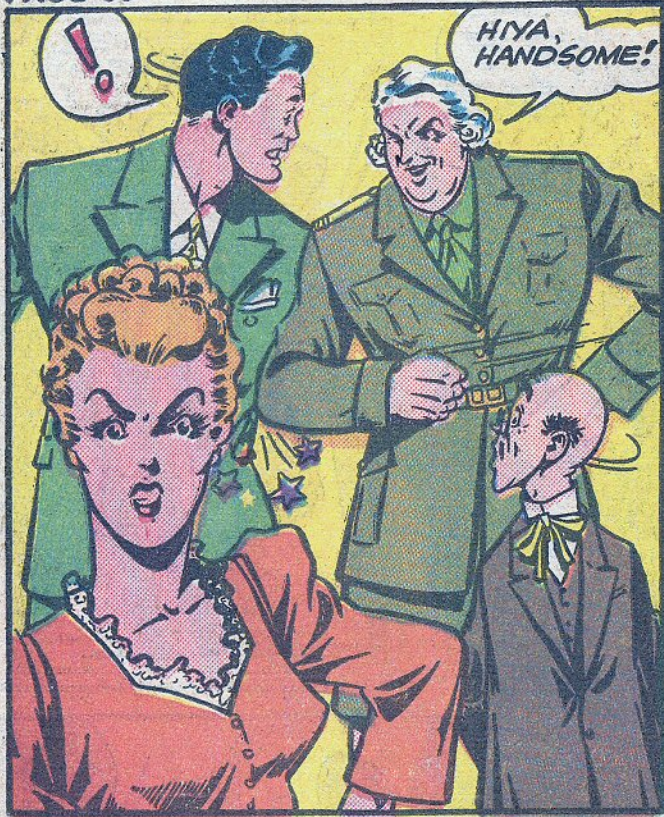
UH-UH- JUST CAUTIOUS!

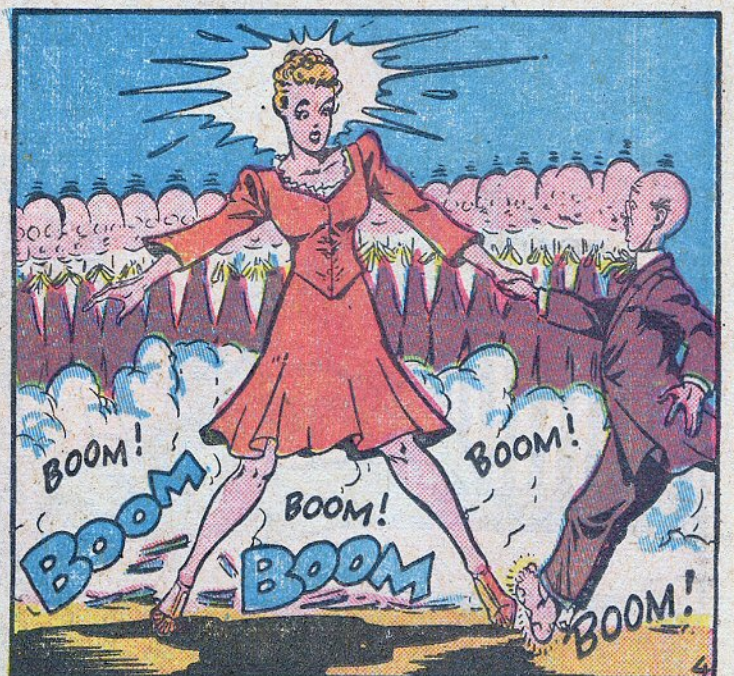
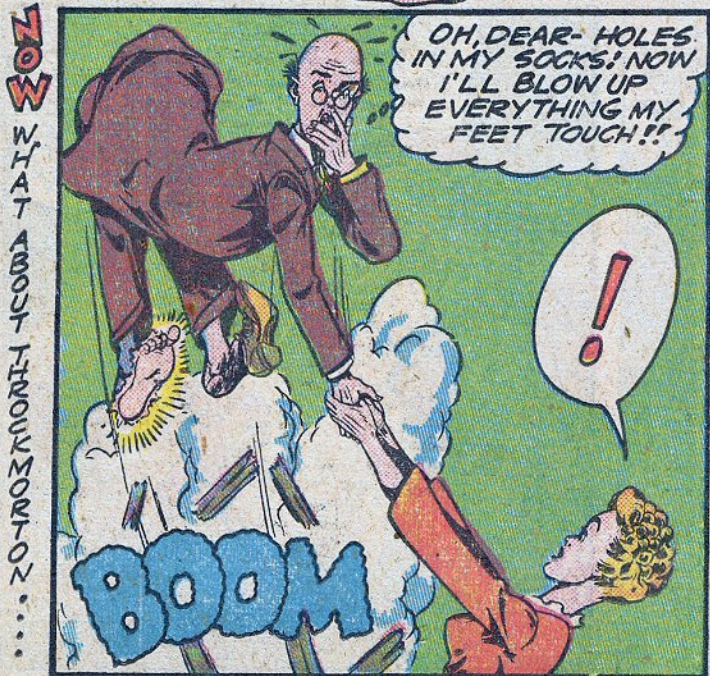
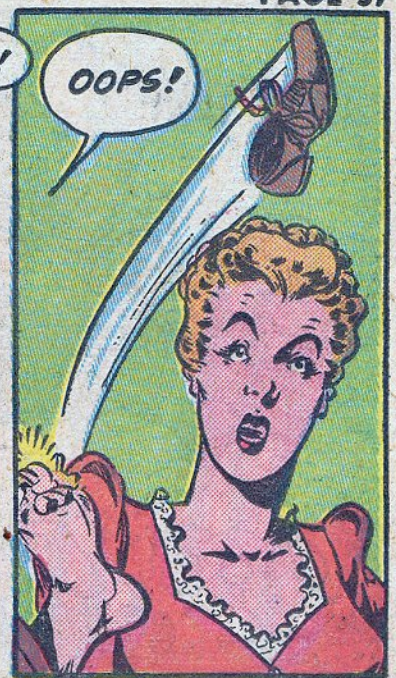


DON'T BE SILLY, THESE BOYS JUST WANT TO BE FRIENDLY!

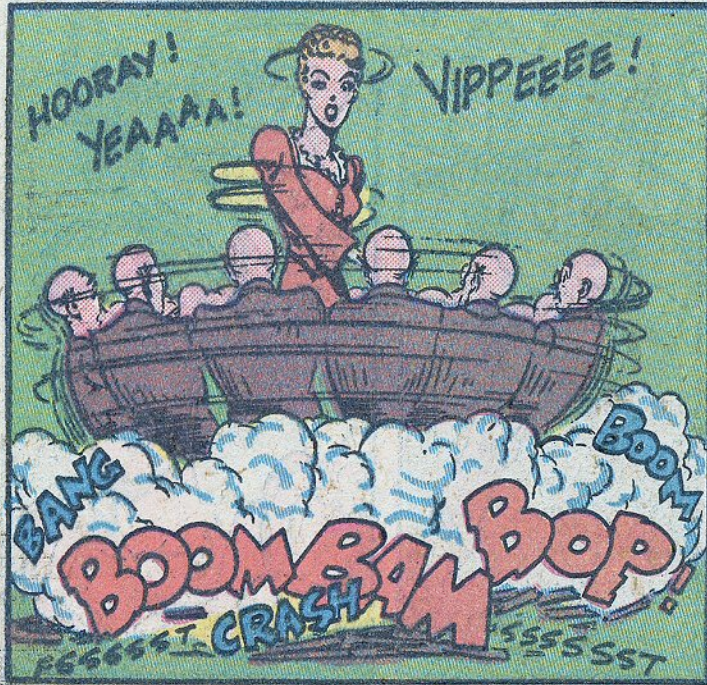
YOU SAID IT!

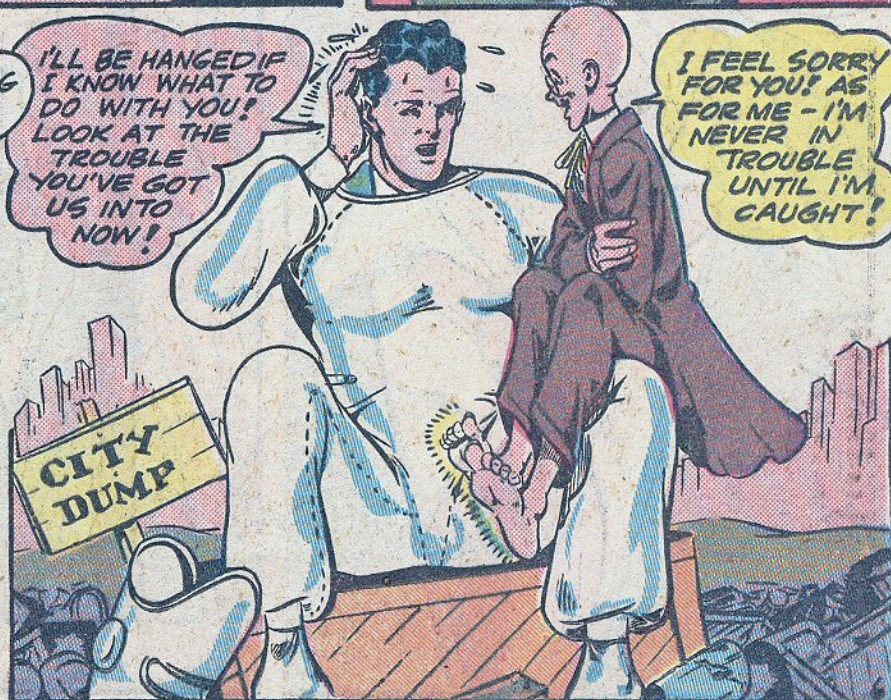
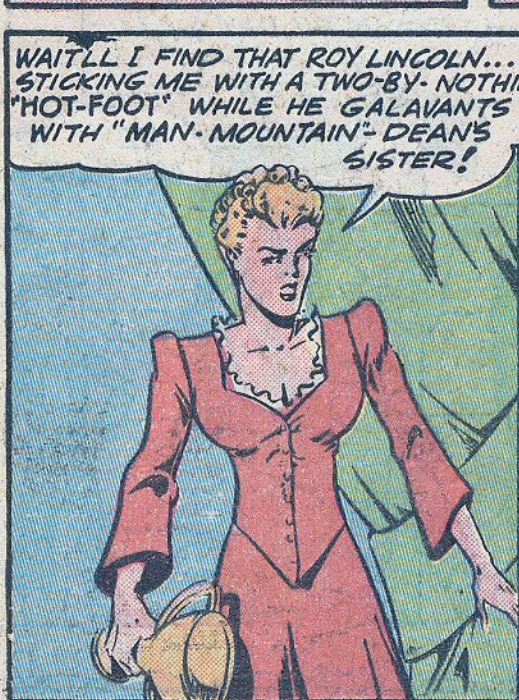
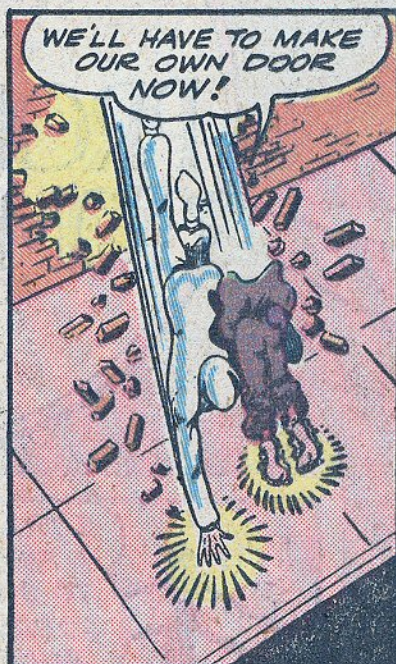
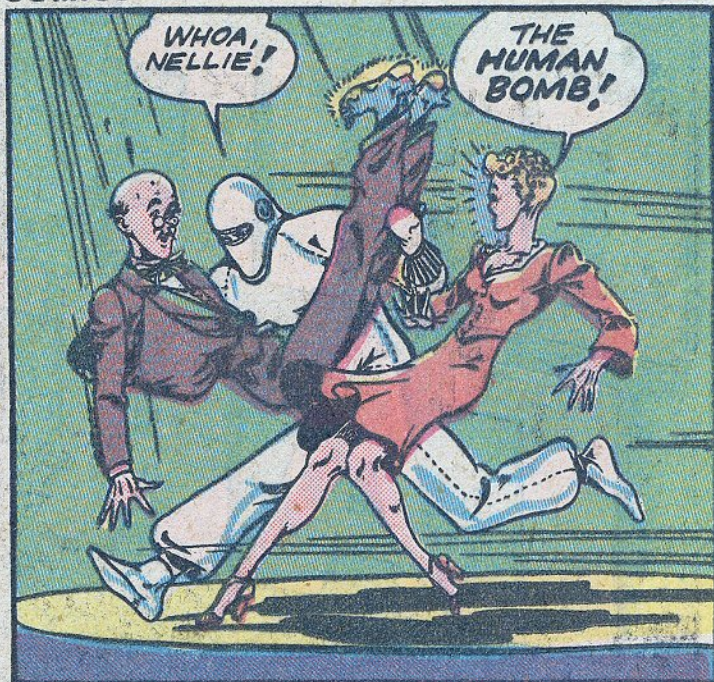
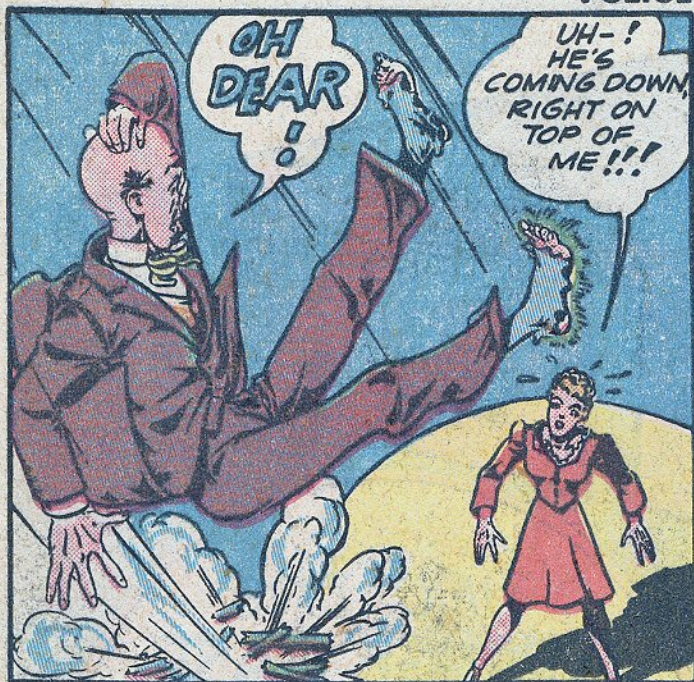






NOW WHAT ABOUT THROCKMORTON...



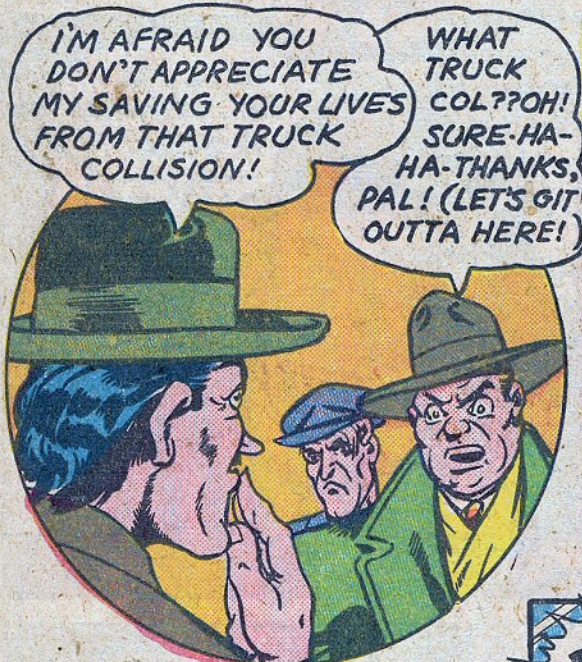


CHIL CARTER

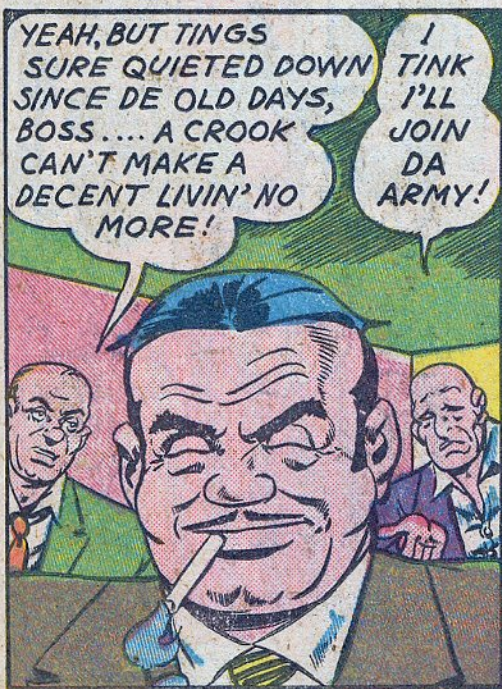
by
VERNON
HENKEL

and the
STRANGE CASE
of
PROFESSOR
TOMORROW
?





THE NEXT DAY-IN A LESS REFINED SECTION OF THE METROPOLIS...





AND SO SLUGS MCGURK INC. COMBS THE CITY FOR A CERTAIN LITTLE FELLOW...

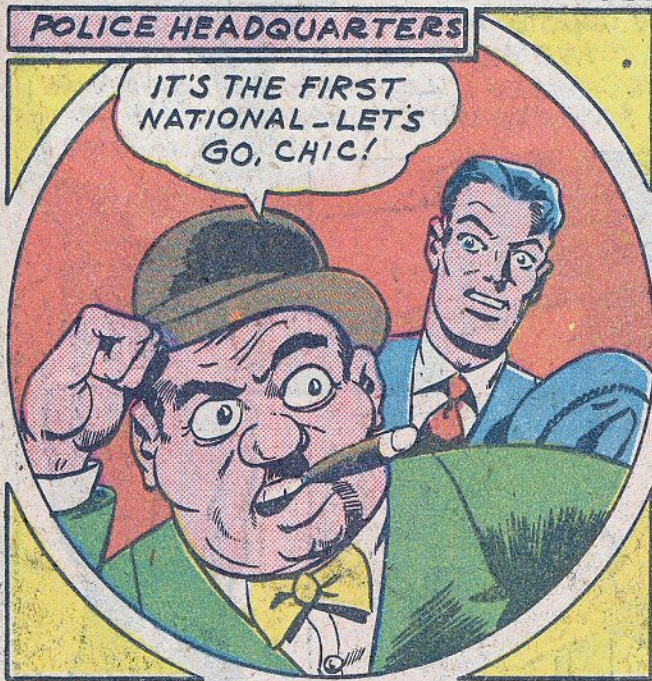


NEXT DAY - AT THE METROPOLIS FIRST NATIONAL BANK...



POLICE HEADQUARTERS

IT'S THE FIRST NATIONAL-LET'S GO, CHIC!

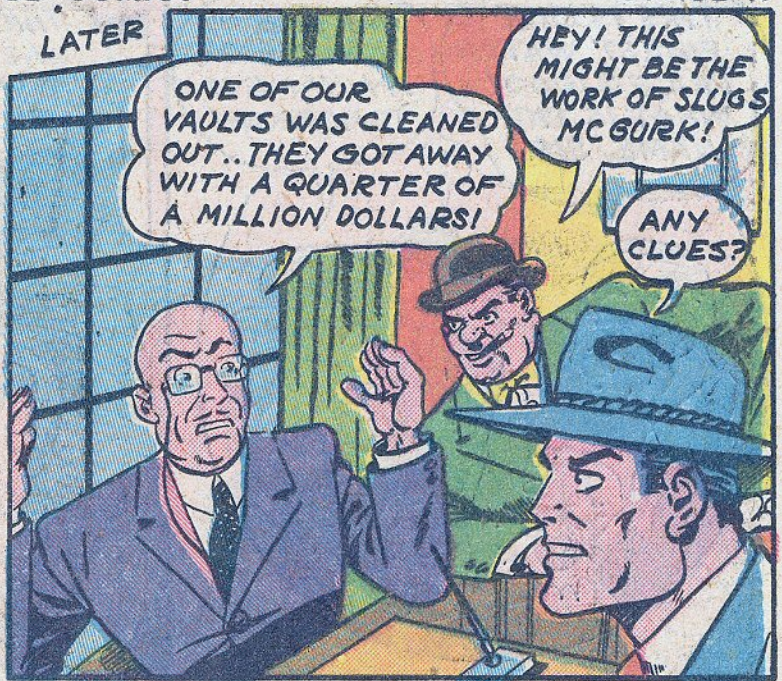


LATER

ONE OF OUR VAULTS WAS CLEANED OUT..THEY GOT AWAY WITH A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS!

HEY! THIS MIGHT BE THE WORK OF SLUGS MCGURK!

ANY CLUES?



NO...NOTHING! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT THAT VAULT WAS UN-LOCKED FOR ONLY FIVE MINUTES TODAY..HOW THOSE CROOKS KNEW THE EXACT TIME IS BEYOND ME!

WERE THERE ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AROUND BEFORE THE ROBBERY?



TO THINK OF IT, YES! A CRAZY-LOOKING GUY WAS HANGING AROUND ALL DAY YESTERDAY..THEN HE OPENED UP AN ACCOUNT FOR 10¢ A WEEK! HERE'S HIS NAME... PROFESSOR TO-MORROW!!



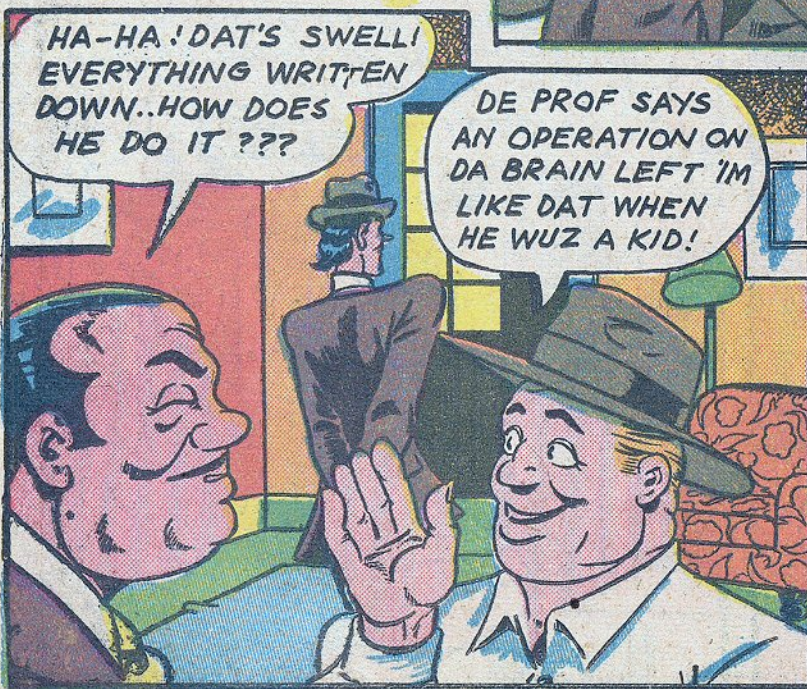
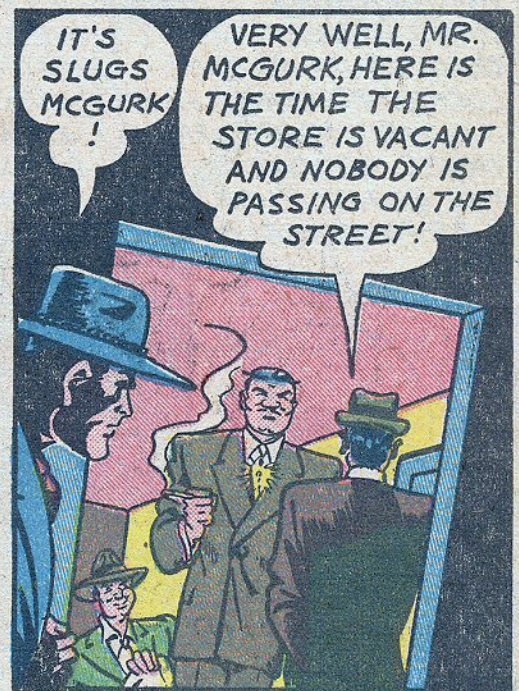
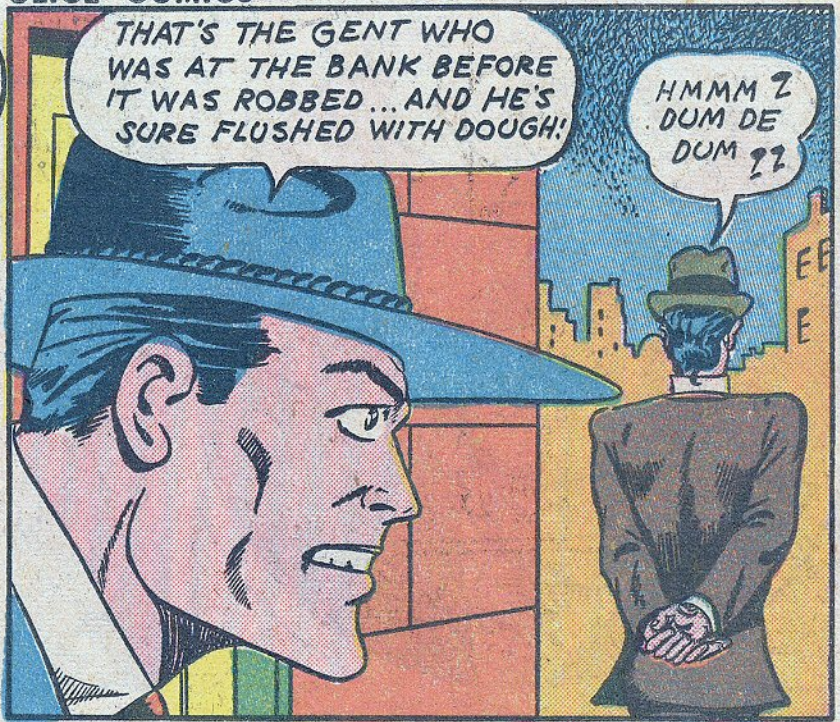
WELL, MONAHAN, I'D FORGET ABOUT SLUGS MCGURK..THAT GUY'S TOO DUMB TO PULL A JOB THAT BIG! SEE YOU LATER!



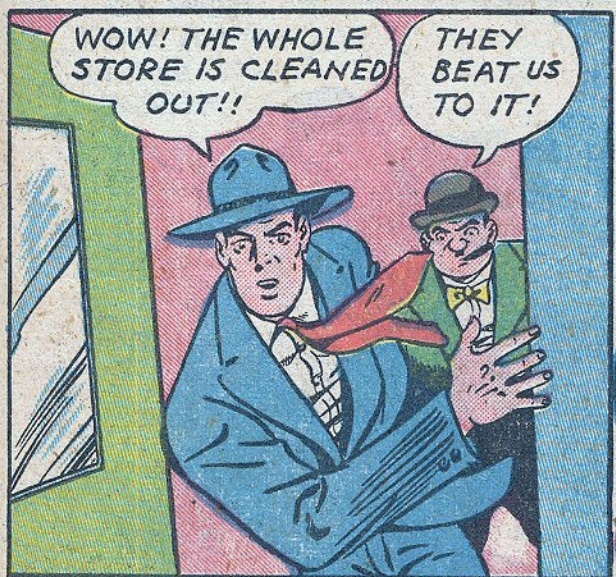
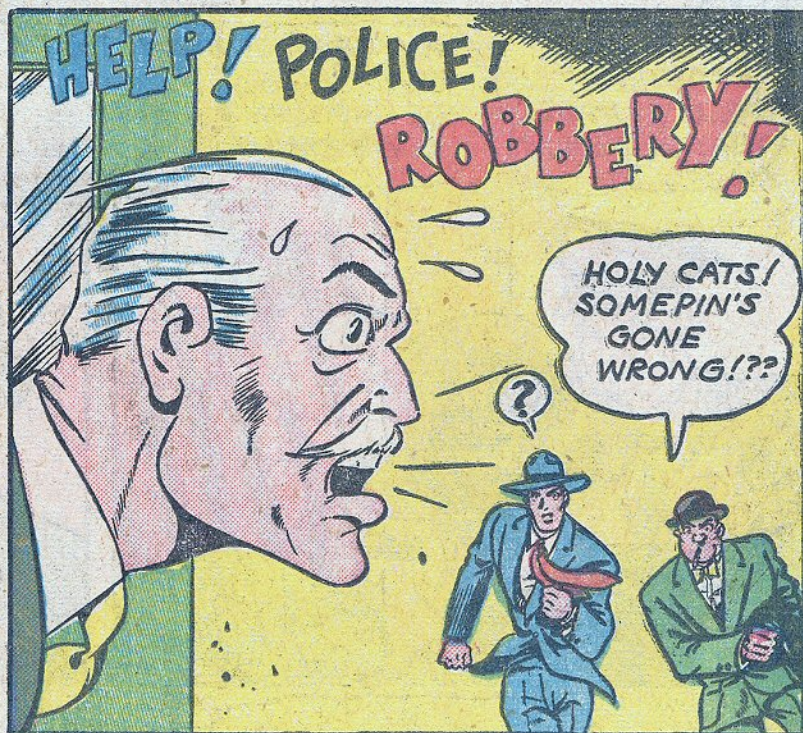
I ALMOST FORGOT TOMORROW IS GAY'S BIRTH-DAY... SHE'D BE DISAPPOINTED IF I DIDN'T GET HER A GIFT!

HUMM DE S DUM??



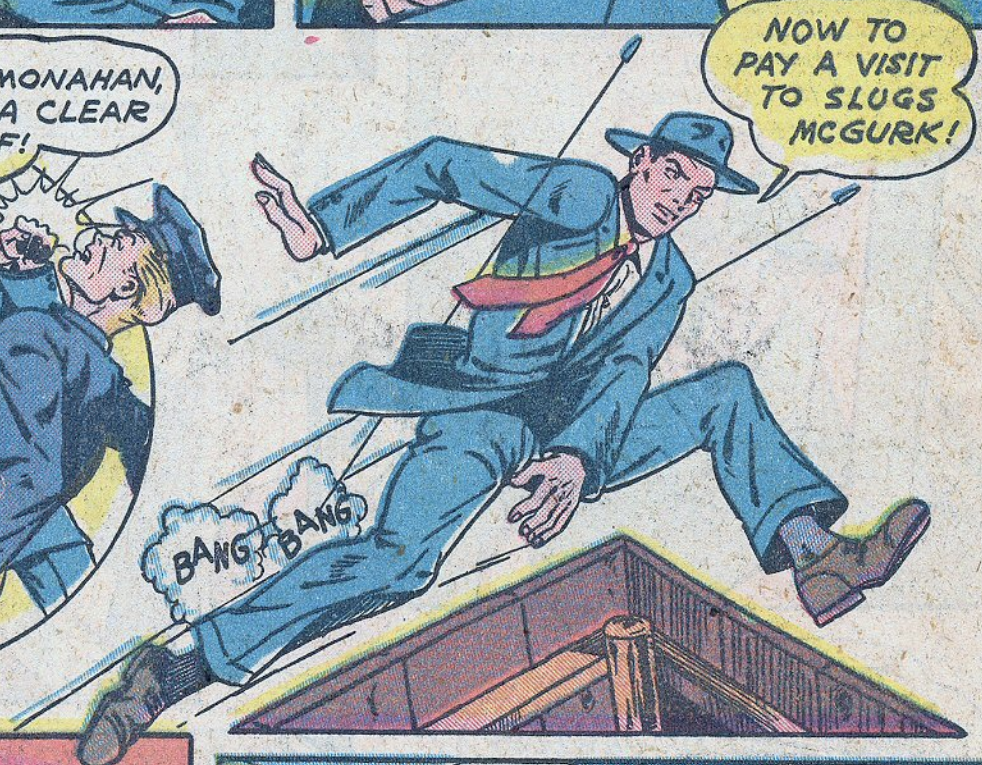
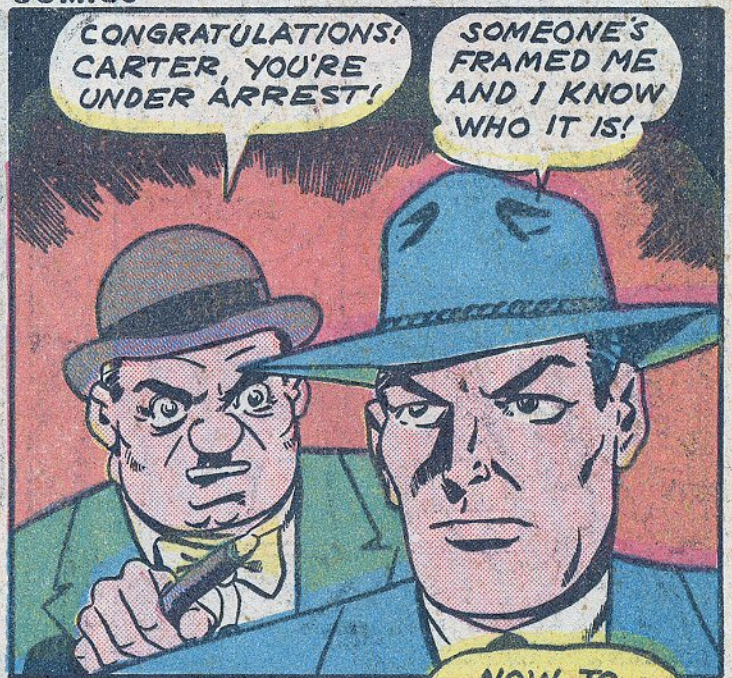


NEXT DAY-

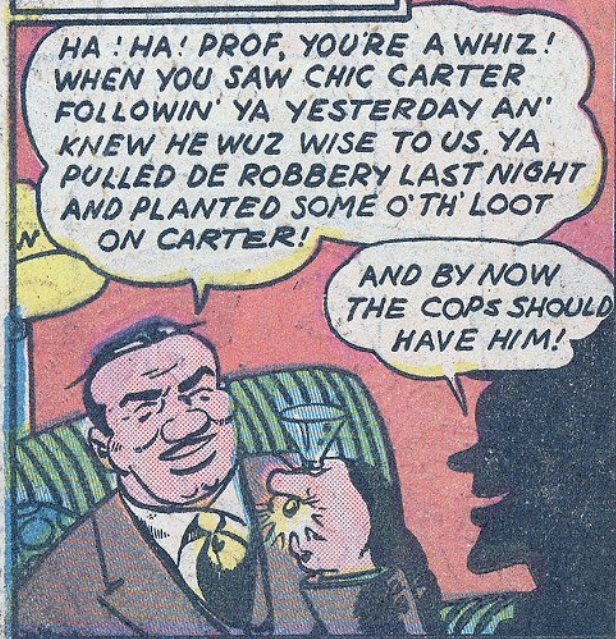


THIS IS GAY NOLAN.. SOMEBODY SENT ME AN ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY FROM YOUR STORE.. IT WAS A NOTE WITH IT SAYING "HIDE THIS- WILL BRING THE REST LATER" SIGNED C.C.!



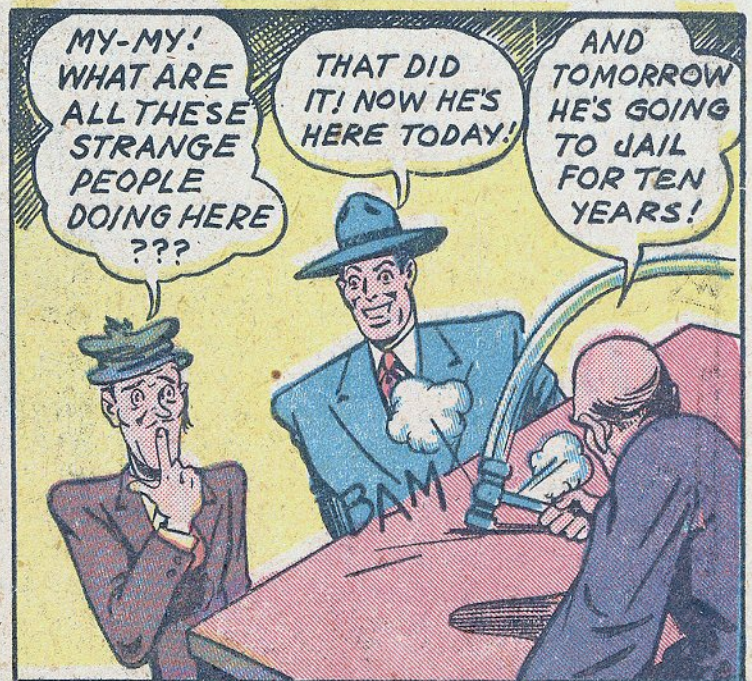


AT SLUGS' HIDEOUT...





LATER-BACK AT HEADQUARTERS.



GET SINK LARSON!

DEVIL'S GAP lay silent and deserted under the silver mosaic of night. The dusty street, so filled with activity during the day, was quiet now. Devil's Gap had gone to sleep.

Stretching far to the north and east, as far as the eye could reach, were great plains and ranges of mountains, all of them dotted with herds of cattle, for this was in the heart of the Southwest's cow country. The herds were asleep too, waiting for the sun to light their way to grazing.

The man on horseback, muffled in a heavy cloak against the desert night chill, and with a Stetson pulled low over his head, rode leisurely across the plain to the north, apparently paying no attention to anything. He chuckled mirthlessly and spoke to his horse. He had ridden twenty miles since morning and he felt in no good mood.

It had been a long time since he'd visited Devil's Gap. Something like fourteen years. Ten of those years he had spent in prison at Clarkson. Ten years in which to grow more bitter and hatch up a terrible vengeance for Bil Pawling, owner of the great Lazy Q spread, one of the largest in the region. Yes, Bill had it coming, and Sink Larson was the man to give it to him!

Sink's mind went back over the awful period he spent in prison, hating, fuming, thinking of how to get even. He allowed his mind to do this more than anything else. It was a sort of anodyne to his conscience. And Sink had very little conscience left.

It had been a bum rap Bill had been as much to blame as

him; though he had got caught. Oh, yes, of course, Bill had come to the fore at the trial, and admitted his share in the business. But the court wouldn't listen to him. Bill Pawling had a good name in the country, and Sink had a long record of evildoing. So Sink had gone to the big house. . . .

Now he was out. Now he'd get even for the trick Bill—and the State—had pulled on him. And how he'd get even! Sink almost laughed at the contemplation of it. He could see Bill now, stark raving mad at the awful destruction that would overtake him, cleaning him out, making him a pauper. Yeah, Bill loved that swell spread of his, loved it with a passion most men show for wives or very dear friends.

Sink wanted to make the agony long and drawn out, so he intended experimenting first on some of the ranchers bordering Bill's outfit. That way Bill'd get some idea of what was going to happen to him. Sink would lie in the darkness and see Bill turn pale and go mad. . . .

"Gimme me a month, and I'll show him!" he muttered to himself as he reined up under a big cottonwood tree and slipped to the ground. "Just a month to get even, that's all I ask. Then —" He smiled evilly through yellowed teeth and spat in the dust. Then he built a small fire, cooked a can of coffee, and laid strips of fat bacon in the frying pan. . . .

Dick Mace liked Devil's Gap. He liked it immensely. It smacked of the "old West," he thought, and it looked like a fine spot for a little vacation while things were quiet in crime circles. That was Dick's occupation: hunting

down criminals, and no one in the world has made a more brilliant record, though Dick is a mere youth in years.

Right now Dick lolled in a frayed but comfortable easy chair in the lobby of the Antlers Hotel, which was two stories high, but had a false front that made it appear to be three stories. He liked that whimsical little deception of the early Westerners, making folks believe that their stores and places of business were much larger than they really were. He liked the folk around Devil's Gap, too.

"That Sheriff Calico Mike is some guy," he said to himself, basking in the warm sun streaming through the cracked front window of the lobby. "He's the real thing too. Easy-going, but I fancy a hard-shooting chap when occasion demands . . . Hey! Sheriff!" he called. The sheriff was coming in the door.

"Hi youngster!" called the sheriff. "Whatcha doin', holdin' down this here hotel's best easy chair?"

"Come on and join me," invited Dick. "You look as if something was bothering you. Somebody rustling cattle?"

Calico Mike sat down heavily. Drew a red bandana across his face and shoved his big hat to the back of his head.

"Worse than that, Dick. Somethin's burnin' up all the grazin' land around here. Can't make head or tail of it. We've had enough rain to keep the grass green, but—somethin's shore playin' Hob with the grass."

Dick was interested. "Probably a condition all over the region, Sheriff. Not much you can do about Nature."

The sheriff shook his head.

"Tain't that way everywhere though. Just here in Big Bend, grass goin' gally-west an' the cows is starvin'."

"Funny," said Dick. "Darn funny."

Several days went by and Dick rode around over the Big Bend country thoroughly enjoying himself. He visited Skidoo, one of the old ghost towns, and chatted with an old desert rat who made his home there—in the Palace Hotel, a bare, barny place over-run with pack rats and bats.

Then one afternoon as Dick rode leisurely over the burned plains of the Squared D outfit, wondering what had caused Nature to pick out certain spots to sere the grass, he saw a horseman gallop over a rise a mile away and disappear into a canyon. He urged his mount ahead.

"Acted kind of strange," said Dick to himself. But when he reached the crest of the narrow valley into which the horseman had gone, there was no sign of him.

"No use imagining things," Dick said to his horse. "And yet—"

That evening, Sheriff Calico Mike came into the hotel and his face was a study in worry.

"Lissen, Dick, somethin's mighty wrong around these parts. More an' more grazin' land is being burned brown. Bill Pawling's place got it yesterday. Bill's got thirty thousand head of critters an' they's no other grazin' land for 'em."

"Maybe this isn't an act of Nature," Dick told him. "Know anybody who has a grudge against anybody—or against the whole country around here, Sheriff?"

Calico scratched his jaw. "Naw. Not that I know of, son."

Dick recounted his experience of the day before. "Of course," he said, "it might have been anybody in a kind of hurry."

"Yeah," drawled Calico. "Don't look like much of a lead, Dick."

Dick rode out early the next morning, bent on a thorough investigation of the burned areas. At the first ranch where the scourge had hit, he dismounted and examined the sere grass minutely. It was as if a boiling sun had sucked all like out of it—not exactly burned, just withered down to nothing.

"Doesn't look natural," Dick said. "Looks like chemicals. But how the dickens could chemicals be spread over such vast areas, in so short a time?"

He rode on to the next series of burned fields. The same story. Then he noticed that between these two ranches there was one untouched by the weird burning. And he wondered about that.

There's a mystery here, all right, he told himself. And he determined to run it down. It was obvious that somebody had it in for several ranch owners; that somebody was back of the whole thing.

Dick visited the sheriff's office later in the day and asked if there had been trouble among the cattlemen in years past. Calico thought for a moment.

"Only one I can think of was when Sink Larson and Bill Pawling got into some trouble a dozen years ago, or so. Sink was sent up and— Say! He got ten years. Yeah, mebbe it's Sink doin' this!"

Bill Pawling began to drive his cattle north, out of the burned area. But as he traveled with the vast herds, the grazing land went brown almost beneath their hooves. His cattle were dying in great numbers. Bill was beside himself.

Dick made a discovery at the court house. Going over the old case Pawling vs Larson, he found that the jury had been composed of men whose ranches were now laid waste. Sink, then, was out and behind all this terrible business!

FIND SINK LARSON!

Posses were formed and roamed the hills and canyons. But Sink was slick. He kept out of the way. Or maybe, Dick hazarded, now that his evil work was finished, he had skipped the country. Cattlemen by the hundreds kept looking for the fiend. . . .

Dick and Sheriff Calico Mike were examining a bit of grass on Pawling's place one day. A few stray, lean cows foraged on the sparse green that had begun to show through the burned stuff.

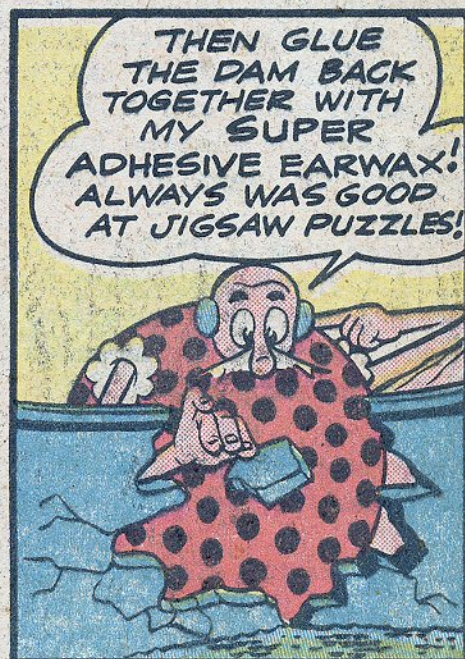
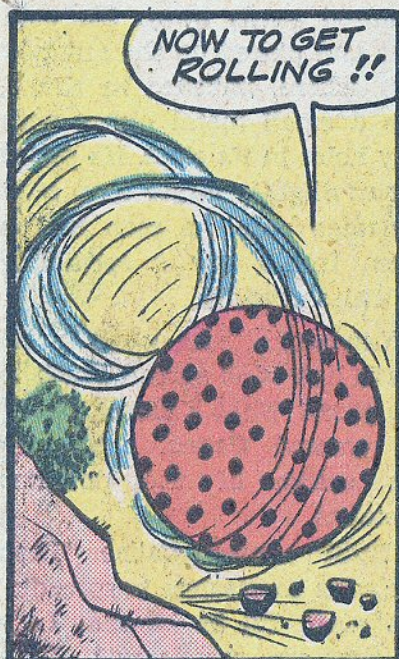
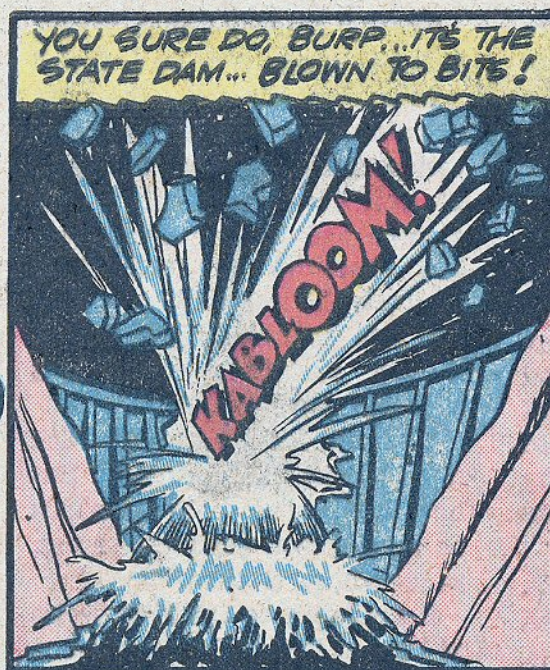
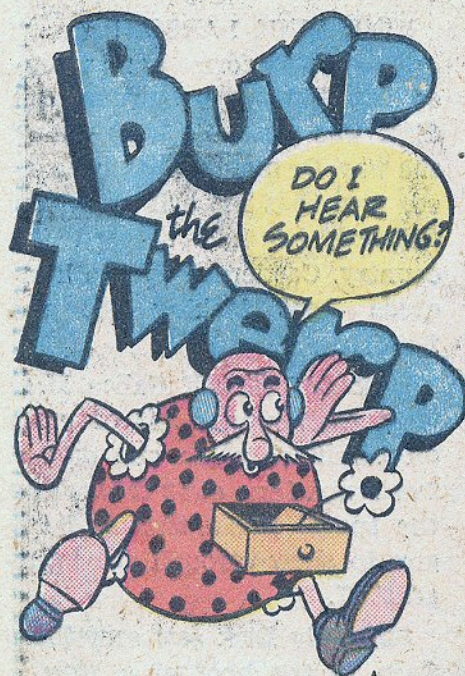
Suddenly Dick saw something flash in the hoof of a steer a hundred yards away. He went over and picked up the animal's foot. There, imbedded in the V, was a small metal object with tiny holes in its sides. He pulled it out. Slightly larger than a .45 cartridge case, he soon had it open. Inside was a sprinkling of white crystals.

"Oxylamite!" he gasped. "So that's how Sink spread death to the grass! What a clever devil!" He showed Calico, explaining the action of the powerful chemical.

"Huh!" snorted Calico. "Then the cows themselves is spreadin' the stuff! I'll be blowed! Let's git that ornery polecat!"

But they didn't get Sink Larson—alive. The better part of Big Bend was burned sere, and hundreds of head of cattle had died. But now green grass was growing through the burned covering, and soon there would be foraging for the herds.

One of the sheriff's deputies found Sink a week later. His horse had pitched him out of the saddle. Sink lay on his face in a clump of greasewood, where he must have crawled out of the burning sun. Both legs were broken. Sink had died of thirst, there in the waterless desert he had tried to cross to leave the scene of his crimes.



DESTINY

by
GEORGE
E. BRENNER

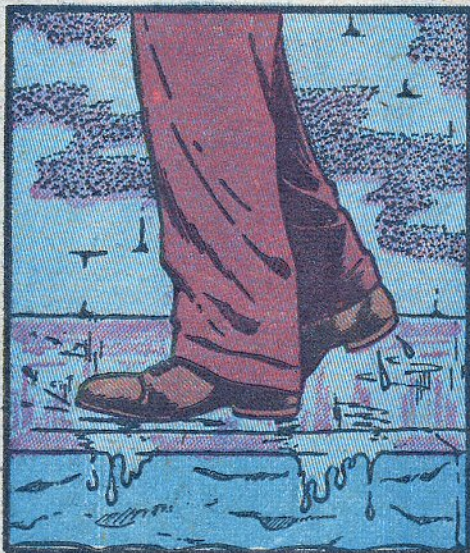
HEY, REMEMBER ME-
I'M OSCAR JONES - DA
GUY DAT KILT '71 - SO
DERE SENDIN' DAT TIRED,
SEEDY LOOKIN' DRIP TA
BRING ME T'JUSTICE-
DAT'S RICH-HAHHA-

OUT OF THE FOG SHROUDED NIGHT,
A PIECE OF HUMAN DRIFT-WOOD FLOATS
UPON THE SEA OF LIFE.....

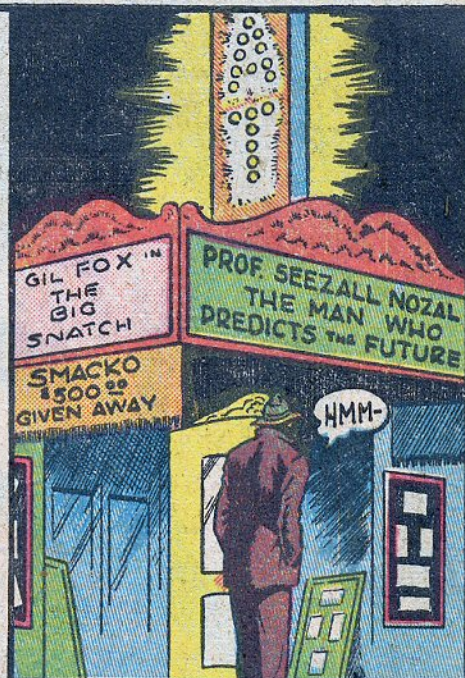
KIDS, MEET UP WITH A BRAND
NEW CHARACTER - DESTINY - HE'S
DIFFERENT, HE'S NOT DRESSED IN
FANCY CLOTHES AND CAPES -
IN FACT HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
MUCH - BUT DON'T MAKE HIM MAD,
BECAUSE IT'S JUST TOO BAD FOR
THOSE WHO DO -----



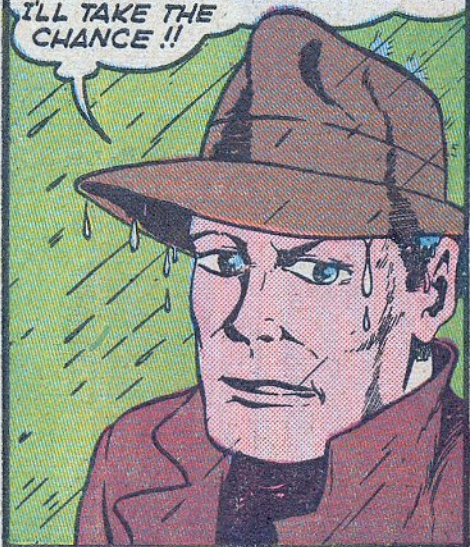
ALONE IN THE WORLD- NO HOME, NO JOB- HE DRAGS HIS WEARY FEET ALONG THE WET, GLISTENING STREETS--



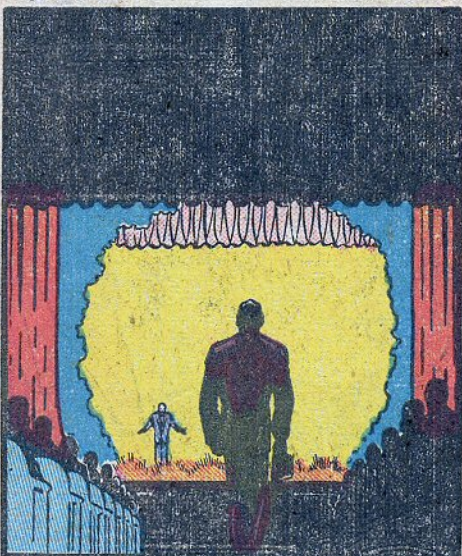
HE PULLS HIS COAT COLLAR CLOSER ABOUT HIS NECK AND TURNS HIS STEPS TOWARD THE BRIGHTER SECTION OF THE CITY----



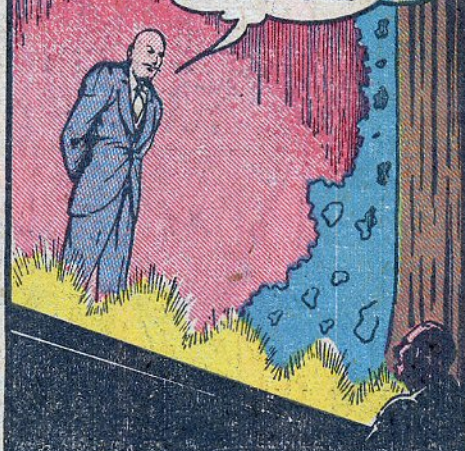
I'VE GOT THE PRICE OF AN ADMISSION- OR A SQUARE MEAL-- I'M HUNGRY- BUT IF I WIN THAT 500 BUCKS- WELL, I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE !!



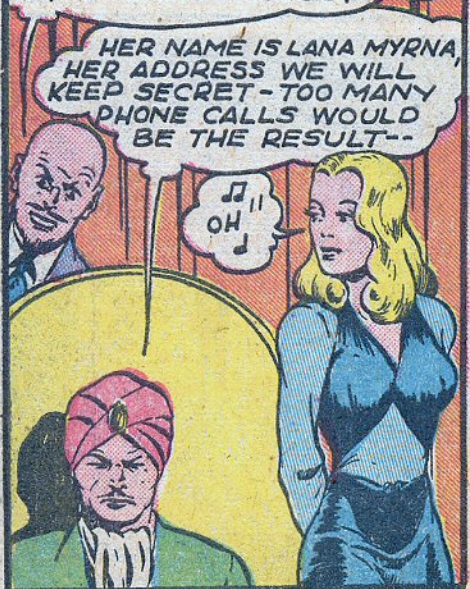
AND HERE, FATE-UNSEEN, LEADS THE DISHEVEILED FIGURE DOWN THE AISLE--



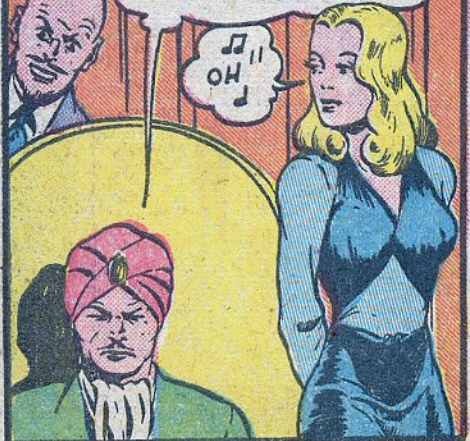
AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF SOMEONE WILL VOLUNTEER TO STEP UPON THE STAGE, PROF. NOZAL WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER ANY AND ALL QUESTIONS PERTAINING TO THE PAST, PRESENT OR FUTURE --



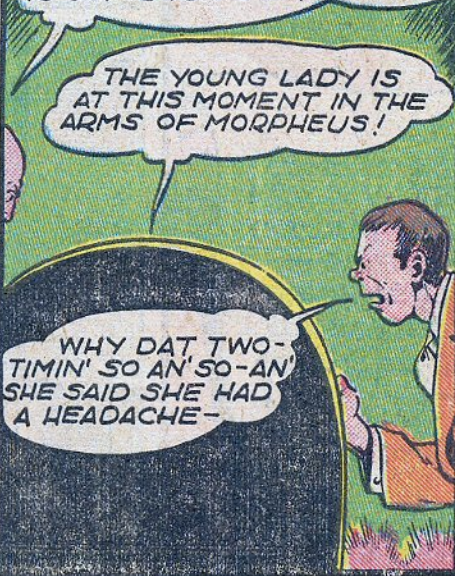
PROFESSOR, THIS YOUNG LADY WISHES YOU TO TELL HER, HER NAME AND ADDRESS!



HER NAME IS LANA MYRNA, HER ADDRESS WE WILL KEEP SECRET- TOO MANY PHONE CALLS WOULD BE THE RESULT--



THIS GENTLEMAN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HIS GIRL FRIEND IS DOING TONIGHT?

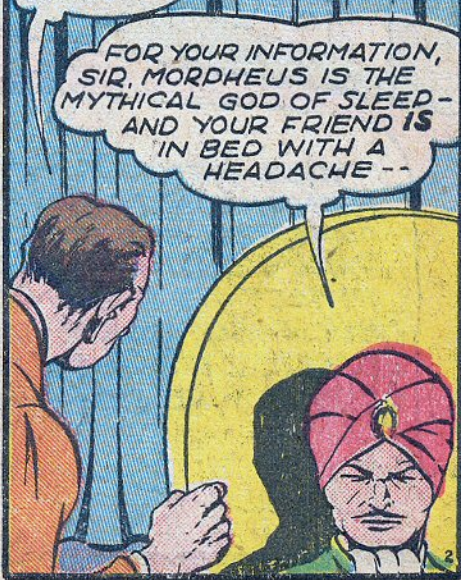


THE YOUNG LADY IS AT THIS MOMENT IN THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS!

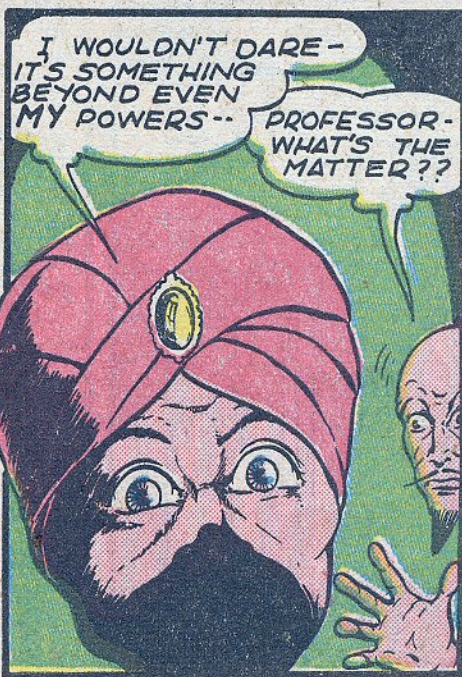
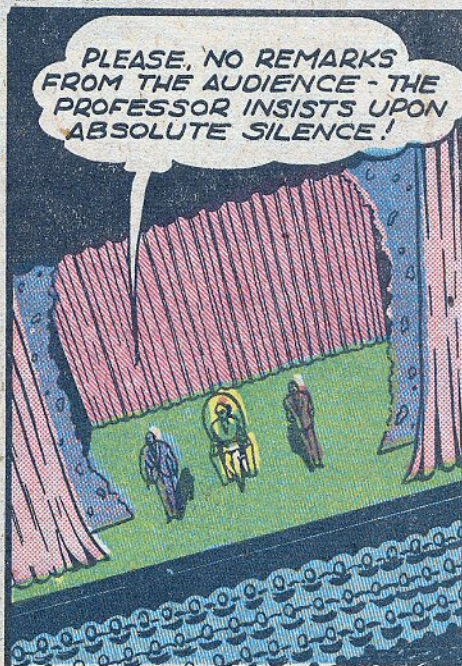
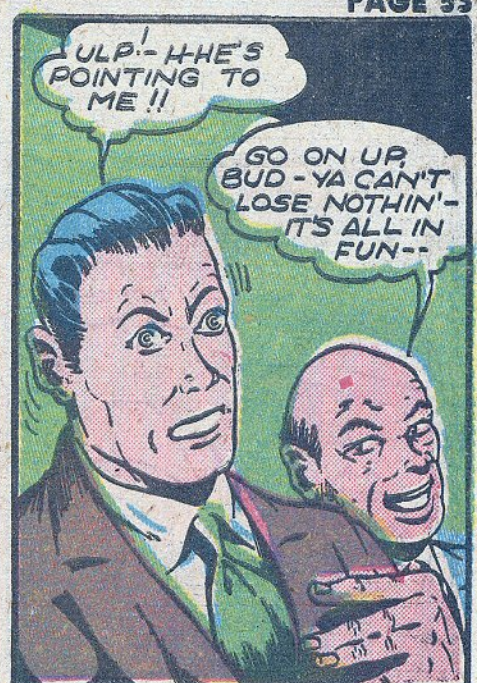


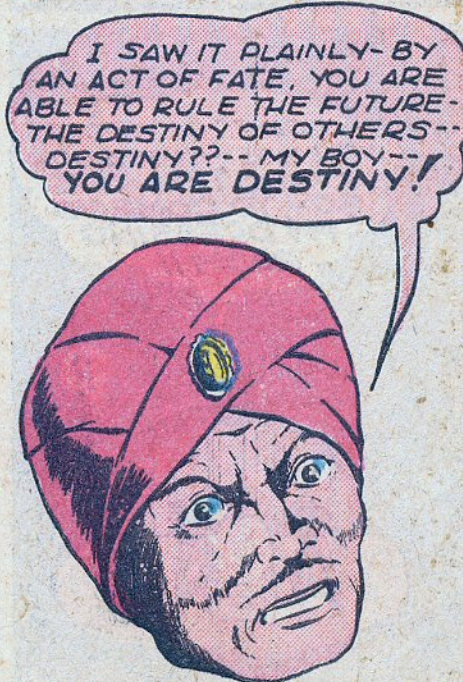
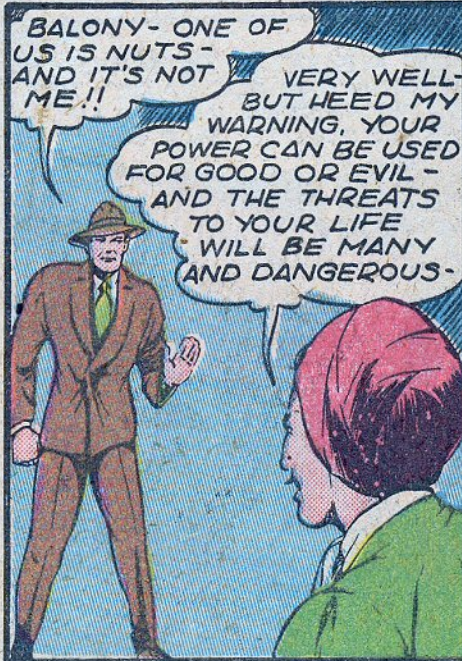
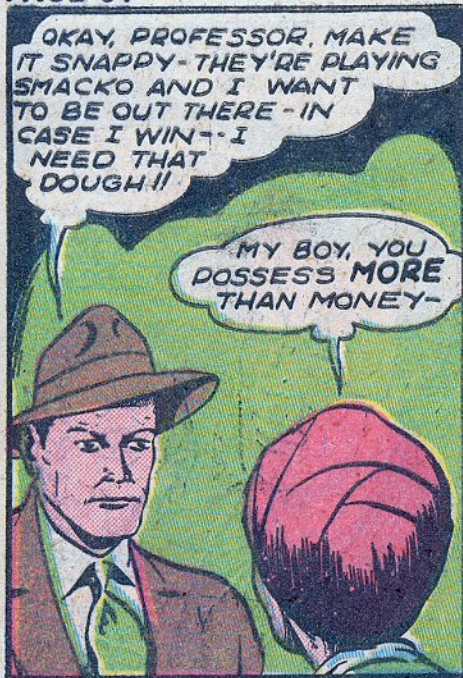
WHY DAT TWO-TIMIN' SO AN' SO-AN' SHE SAID SHE HAD A HEADACHE--

WHAT'S DE GUY LOOK LIKE I'LL MOIDER DE BUM--



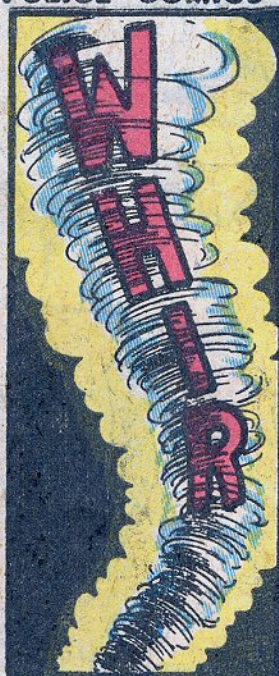
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, SIR, MORPHEUS IS THE MYTHICAL GOD OF SLEEP- AND YOUR FRIEND IS IN BED WITH A HEADACHE --





STRANGER- YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO WHAT THE PROFESSOR HAD TO SAY-- BUT NO MATTER- YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT---

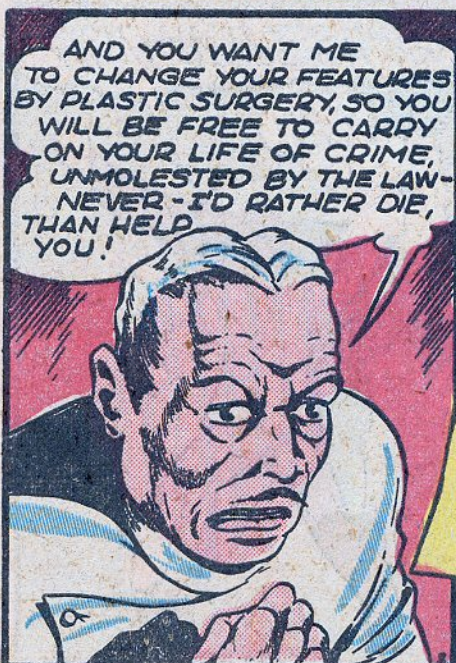




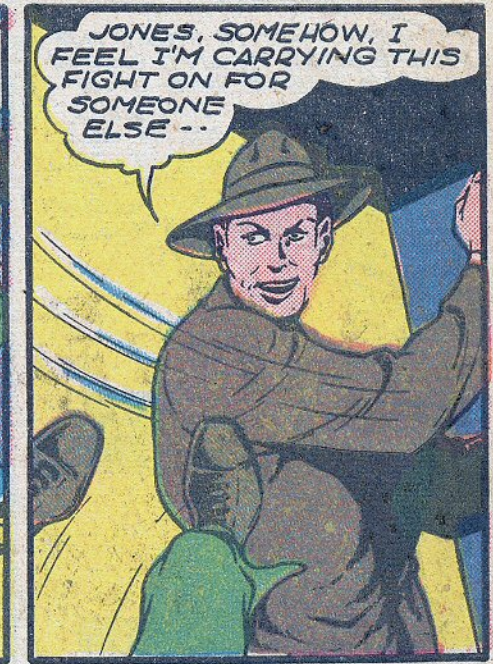
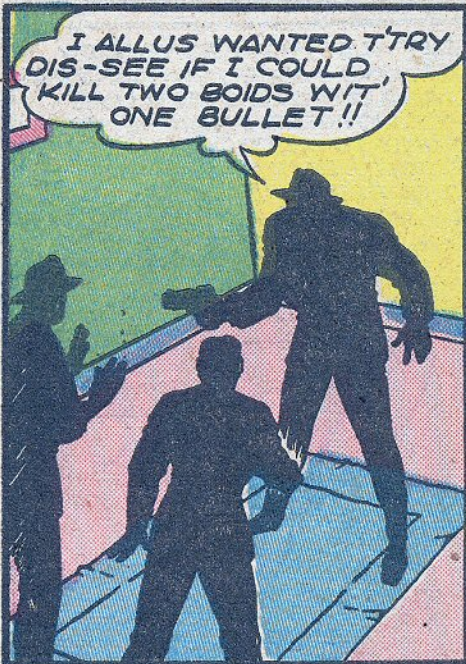
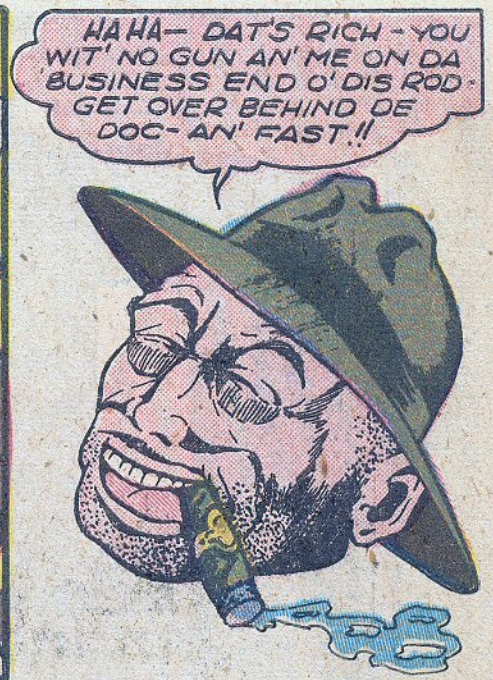
AND DESTINY ONCE MORE
GOES INTO A TRANCE, BUT--

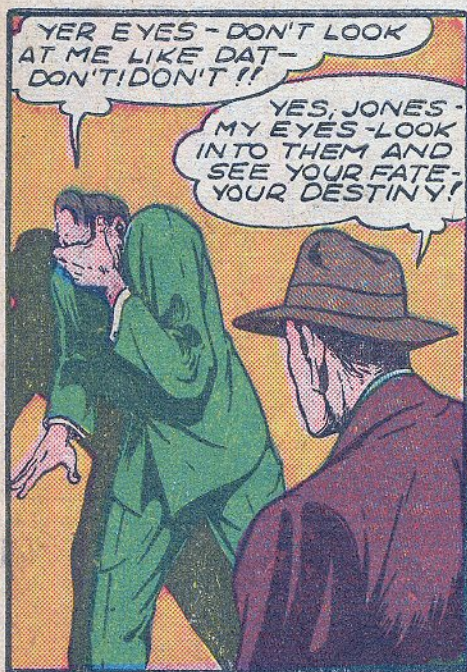


AND JUST ACROSS THE STREET,
IN AN OFFICE BUILDING--



EDITOR'S NOTE--
IN THE LAST ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS, OSCAR
JONES WAS IMPRISONED
FOR MURDER- HE BROKE
OUT, BUT WAS CAUGHT
BY THAT GREAT CRIME-
FIGHTER, TII-- IN THE
FIGHT, JONES SHOT AND
KILLED TII-AND THOUGHT
HE HAD ESCAPED THE
CLUTCHES OF THE LAW--
NOW ONLY A FEW
MINUTES HAVE GONE
BY SINCE THE KILLING--
BUT FATE RULES THAT
THE DESTINY OF ALL
EVIL, IS JUSTLY REWARDED
FOR THE DEED.....

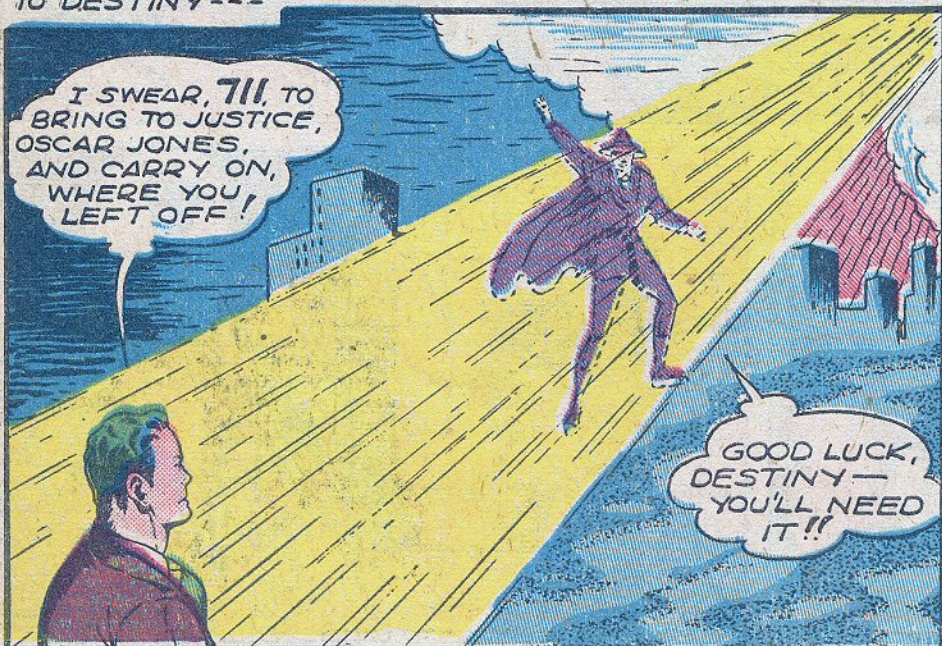




AND THE CRAFTY KILLER SWINGS TO SAFETY ON A TELEPHONE WIRE ---



AND OUTSIDE, A SCENE TAKES PLACE, THAT IS ONLY VISIBLE TO DESTINY ---



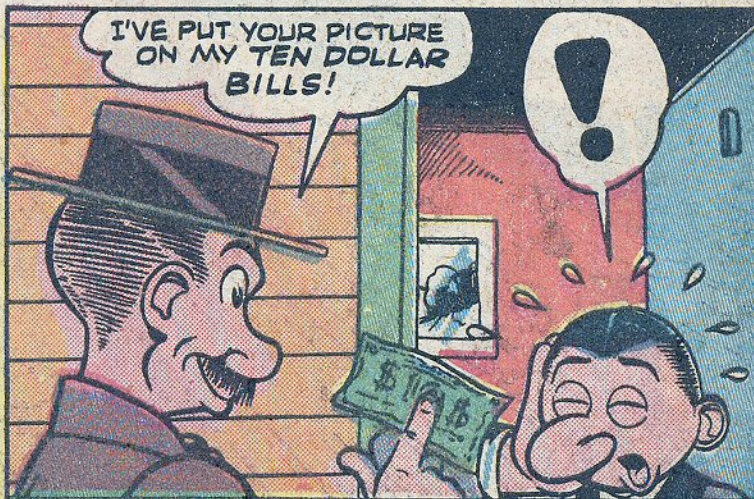
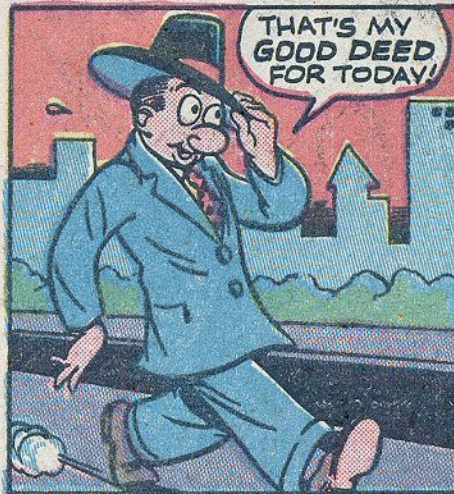
HAS OSCAR JONES, THE KILLER, ESCAPED THAT WHICH FATE HAD DECREED TO BE HIS JUST DESERT?

FOLLOW **DESTINY**, THIS AMAZING NEW AND DIFFERENT CHARACTER, IN HIS ADVENTURES AGAINST THE EVILS OF SOCIETY ---

DON'T MISS THE NEXT OR ANY ISSUE OF **POLICE COMICS**, THE BEST BOOK OF ALL!!

SUPER SNOOPER

The YEGG BEATER





AT THE HOME OF SENATOR KNIGHT, A PARTY IS ABOUT TO DEPART FOR THE OPERA

I SEE YOU'RE WEARING YOUR DIAMOND NECKLACE, MRS. VAN BILT.

DON'T YOU THINK IT A BIT DANGEROUS?

NONSENSE! WHO COULD STEAL IT IN PUBLIC?



A SHORT WHILE LATER ...

IT'S JUST STARTED. WE DIDN'T MISS MUCH!

YOU SIT HERE, YOU CAN SEE BETTER!



THE PARTY SETTLES THEMSELVES... THE LIGHTS DIM... THEN...

LOVELY SINGING! SO RELAXING!

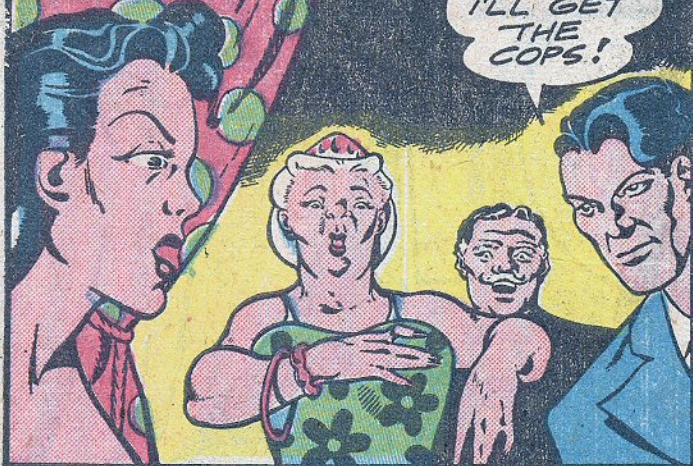


AS THE LIGHTS GOME ON AT INTERMISSION,

MRS. VAN BILT...
YOUR NECKLACE...
IT'S GONE!

WHAT? HEAVENS!
POLICE... I'VE
BEEN ROBBED!

I'LL GET
THE
COPS!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE

AND WHEN THE
LIGHTS WENT ON
THEY WERE GONE!

TAKE IT EASY, LADY!
WE'LL SEARCH EVERY
PERSON BEFORE THEY
LEAVE HERE!



COMING WITH
US, SANDRA?

NO. I WOULDN'T
BE OF ANY USE.
YOU WAIT DOWN -
STAIRS AND I'LL
WATCH
THE
OPERA!

BACK IN THE BOX...

LET'S SEE. SHE
WAS SITTING NEAR
THESE DRAPERIES...
WHAT'S THIS?
LOOKS LIKE A
POWDER SMUDGE!
HMMMM!

THIS IS A JOB FOR THE
PHANTOM LADY! THIS
IS AS GOOD A PLACE
AS ANY TO CHANGE!

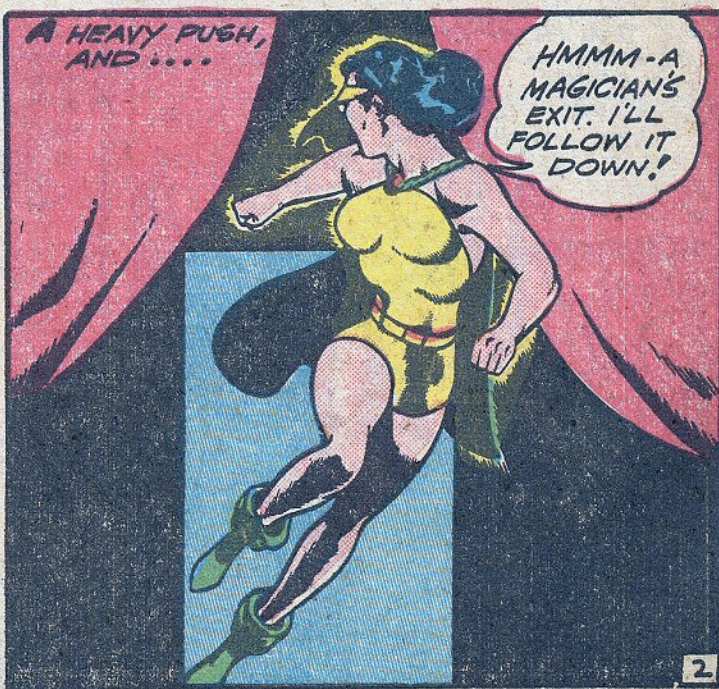


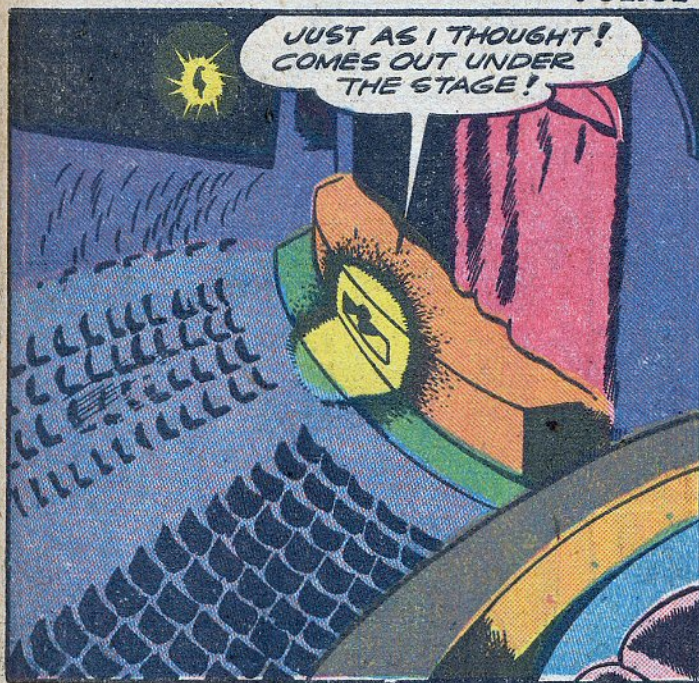
THAT'S FUNNY. THIS JOINT
DOESN'T LOOK VERY SOLID!
WONDER WHAT A LITTLE
WEIGHT WILL DO?

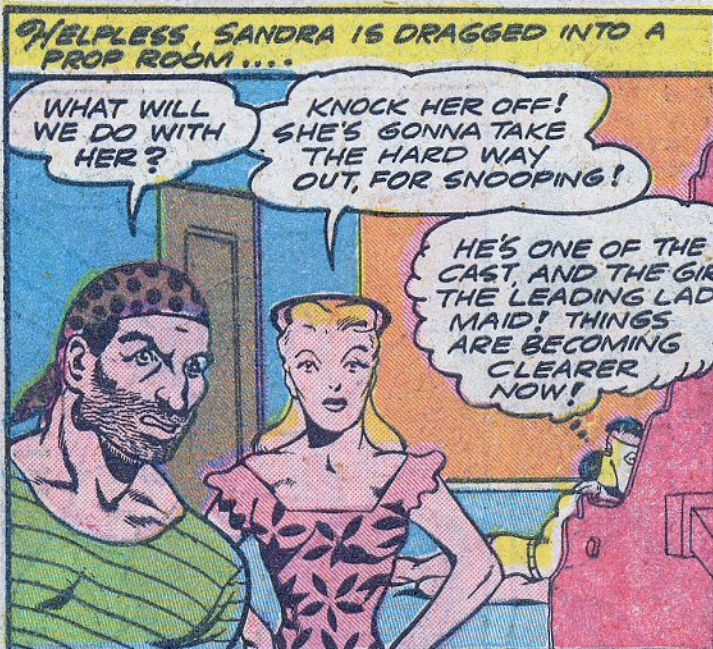


A HEAVY PUSH,
AND

HMMM-A
MAGICIAN'S
EXIT. I'LL
FOLLOW IT
DOWN!







SANDRA'S MIND RACES... SHE MANAGES TO FREE HER FLASH... AND TWISTS OFF THE GLASS!

HER FINGERS WORK FURIOUSLY....

...THEN, SHE'S FREE! JUST IN TIME!

NOT MUCH TIME! HAVE TO BREAK THE GLASS LENS AND SAW THROUGH THE ROPES!



WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

CLUNK

DOWNSTAIRS...

THAT GUY MUST HAVE BEEN THE MATE IN THE PLAY. HMMM! HE COMES OUT IN TEN MINUTES, SO NOW HE MUST BE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM!

QUICKLY, THE PHANTOM LADY WORMS THROUGH THE CORRIDORS UNTIL....

HERE IT IS! THEY'RE COMING OUT!

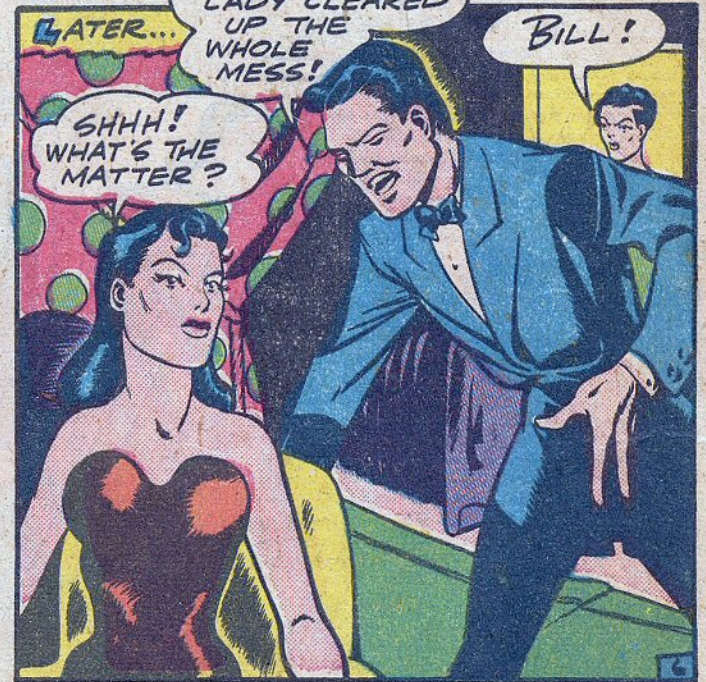
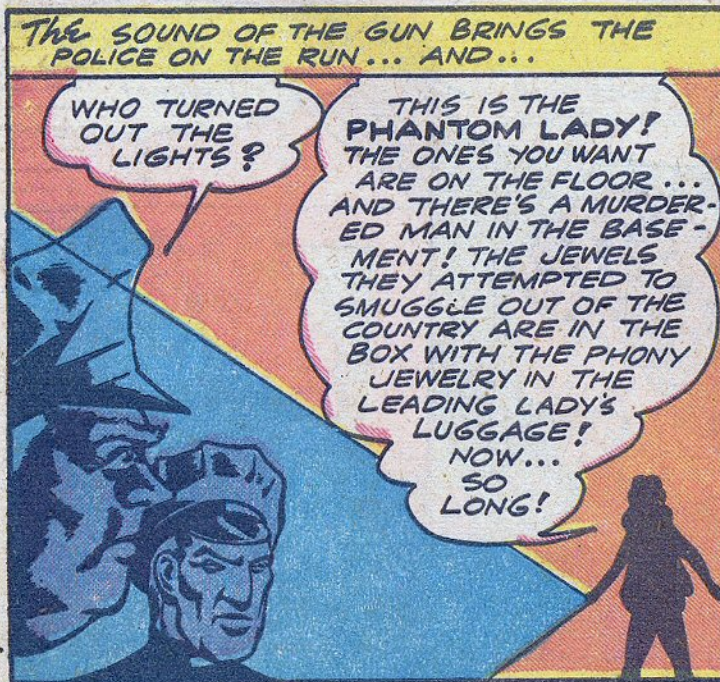
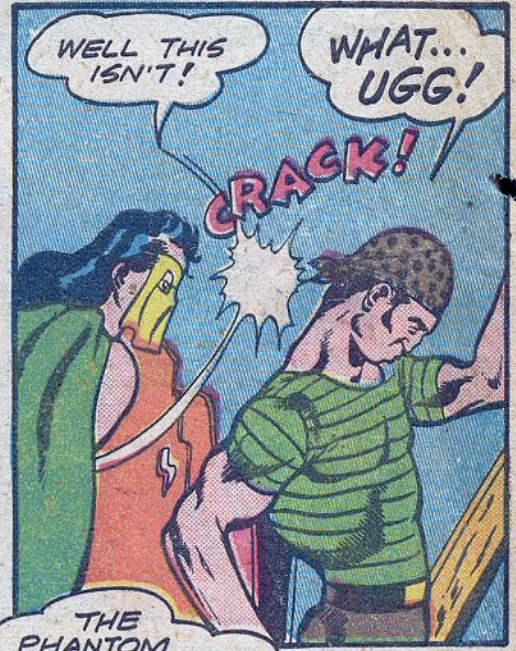
I'LL GO AHEAD TO MADAM'S ROOM WITH THESE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

ULG!

YOU! LOOSE....! THIS TIME I'LL FINISH YOU BOTH AND TAKE THE WHOLE WORKS!

UH-OH! THINK FAST, PHANTOM LADY!



New DAISY Play Guns READY



BANG BANG BANG

**- FAST AS YOU
CAN WORK IT!**

★ HARMLESS!

★ Military Gun Sling

★ Fast Pump Action

★ Repeater

1" Noise

★ Genuine Daisy Quality
and Durability

\$1¹⁹

Duty Added
in Canada

Plus
6c
Postage

DAISY COMMANDO

Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1:19 plus 6c for postage-handling *direct* to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

This beautiful red,
white and blue Daisy
Victory Model Crest ap-
pears on each play gun stock.



TURN THE CRANK

**RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT
RAT-TAT-TAT-A
TAT-TAT**



PATENT
APPLIED
FOR

DAISY

CHATTERMATIC

89¢

Plus 11c Postage
Duty Added in Canada

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gungo "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage-handling *DIRECT* to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

TO BOYS OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas... suggest he buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

Attention PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order *DIRECT* from us



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

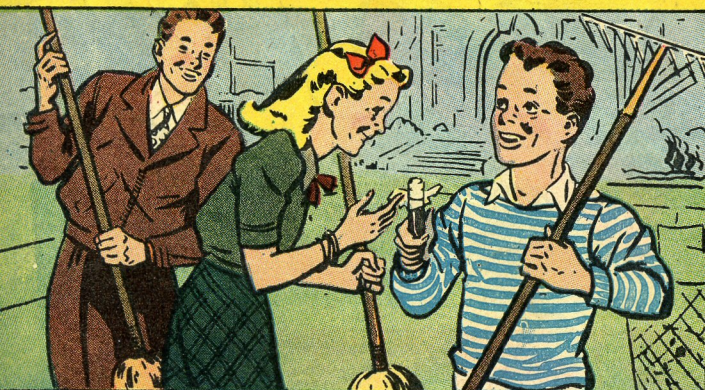
DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 491 UNION ST., DEPT. 3, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

HONORS TO ALL

WHO HELP US WIN!



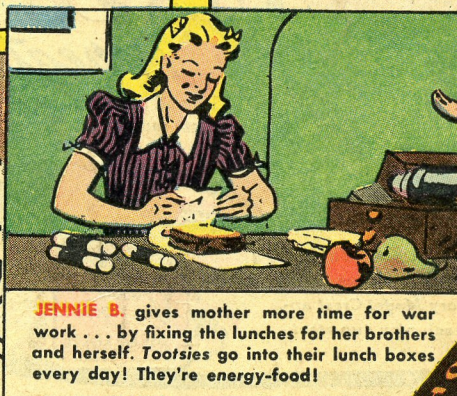
JOHNNY T. takes over! Big Sam who cleaned the school grounds is in the Navy now. So Johnny T. and his pals carry on. (They sweeten their labors with chewy TOOTSIE ROLLS. America's favorite candy!)



LOOK AT ELSIE D. painting furniture for the U. S. O. Recreation House! She slings a mean brush (and peps herself up with chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLLS. Tootsies are swell for muscles . . . and brains too!)



DONALD S. has distributed hundreds of posters to storekeepers! We say hurray for Donald! He says hurray for TOOTSIE ROLLS, his favorite candy! Donald eats at least one Tootsie Roll a day!



JENNIE B. gives mother more time for war work . . . by fixing the lunches for her brothers and herself. Tootsies go into their lunch boxes every day! They're energy-food!



**"BE STRONG-TO WIN!"
SAYS UNCLE SAM**

Uncle Sam wants you to eat what's nourishing, pure, and gives you energy. So eat plenty of chewy, chocolatey Tootsie Rolls . . .

**RICH IN DEXTROSE
FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY**



**America's
favorite
chewy
chocolate
candy**

**EVER TASTE A
TOOTSIE POP?**

Look at this picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open. It has a "heart" of soft chewy Tootsie Rolls! Two candies in one . . . All for a penny!

Tootsie Rolls

**1¢
AND
5¢**

TAKE A TIP! TAKE A TOOTSIE! IT'S TOPS!

REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN